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A. M. D. G.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. V.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,
1876.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. V., No. 1.

THE NATCHEZ INDIANS IN 1730.

Letter from Rev. Fr. Petit, S. J., to Rev. Fr. Davaugour, S. J., Procurator-General of the Missions in North America.

(*Concluded.*)

The pleasure, however, which I experienced in the company of Fr. Doutreleau after his almost miraculous escape, was sadly disturbed by the thought of the loss sustained in the death of the two missionaries who had fallen victims to the fury of the savages. You know the merits of these noble champions as well as I. To an amiable character they joined the qualities and accomplishments that make the apostle: they were in the vigor of manhood; their proficiency in the language of the Indians, the courage with which they entered upon their arduous task, the affec-

tion which they bore the savages, the rare success that attended their first labors—everything led us to cherish the fondest hopes for their future usefulness. So much indeed does the unlooked for fate of these worthy men affect me, that I seem to forget the considerable losses we have suffered in material resources, although even the privation of these helps must necessarily, for a time at least, prove disastrous to a newly founded mission.

Notwithstanding, however, the tragic end of our much esteemed brethren, we cannot give way to our tears without at the same time being filled with the sweetest consolation, when we remember that they had consecrated themselves willingly and entirely to the conversion of the savages in these regions: certainly their lot is enviable; and the Lord, Whose service they had at heart while on earth, will undoubtedly have received them with a fondness which would never fall to the share of simple martyrs to the French name. Knowing moreover the spirit of sacrifice which animates our brethren in Europe, and the zeal which prompts Superiors to accede to the pious entreaties of such as are desirous to devote themselves to the missions, I doubt not but that our thinned ranks will be speedily filled up by men worthy to follow in the footsteps of Frs. Du Poisson and Souel.

Under the critical circumstances in which the treachery of the Indians had placed us, the Commandant showed himself master of the situation, and, by his energetic measures, succeeded in avenging the French blood which had been spilt, and in securing to the sorely harassed colony the blessings of a lasting peace.

The melancholy news of the recent massacre had been long in reaching New Orleans—our worthy Commandant was more prompt in bringing relief. Without delay he had full information conveyed to all the military posts from the Gulf of Mexico to the territories of the Illinois; he invited our allies the Tchactas to take vengeance on the perfidious

Natchez: he provided all the houses of the colony with arms and ammunition; he equipped two vessels, the *Duc de Bourbon* and the *Alexandre*, to sail up the river to the country of the Tunicas; he surrounded the city with intrenchments; he formed several companies of militia; and, aware of the greater danger that threatened smaller settlements, his untiring labor did not cease until solid forts had been erected at *Chapitoulas*, *Cannes-Brulées*, *Les Allemands*, *Bayou Goula*, and the *Pointe-Coupée*.

The indomitable courage which animated the devoted soldier prompted him to take command in person of the troops that were to go in quest of the murderers. But the security of New Orleans demanded his presence there. Danger was apprehended, on the one hand, from their fickle allies who were not likely to let an opportunity escape of falling on the city; on the other, from the numerous negro slaves that might, under the favorable circumstances, make a successful attempt to regain their freedom. The command of the little army of Frenchmen devolved therefore on the Chevalier de Lubois whose bravery and experience in Indian warfare were calculated fully to dispel the anxious fears of the Commandant.

While the French were preparing for battle in the village of the Tunicas, seven hundred Tchactas under the command of M. Lesueur invaded the territories of the Natchez. Ever since their revolt, on the 28th of November, 1729, the Natchez had neglected all precaution and spent the nights in celebrating their late triumphs. Little were they prepared therefore to meet the forces of the Tchactas who fell upon them at daybreak of the 27th of January, 1730. In less than three hours fifty French women and children, the sailor and the carpenter, and one hundred and six negroes with their children were rescued; eighteen Natchez were reduced to slavery, sixty were scalped; the loss of the Tchactas amounted to only two dead and seven or eight wounded. The victory would have been complete, had the

Tchactas, in accordance with the previous agreement, awaited the arrival of the French army which was expected with numerous auxiliaries from the Tunicas and the neighboring tribes.

Three days before this action, M. Mesplex with five other Frenchmen had gone to the camp of the Natchez to reconnoitre, under pretext of bringing about a treaty of peace: their mission was doomed to a fatal issue. As they left their boat, they were saluted by savage yells, and in an instant saw themselves surrounded by a horde of their bloodthirsty enemies; another instant and three of the Frenchmen were massacred; the remaining three were forced to accompany their murderers to the next Indian village. Blinded by their former successes, the Natchez put no bounds to their insolence. They sent one of the prisoners to M. de Lubois requesting the Commander to send M. de Broutin and the chief of the Tunicas as hostages; as ransom however for the women, the children and the negro slaves, the following articles were arrogantly demanded: two hundred barrels of gunpowder, two hundred barrels of balls, two thousand flints, two hundred axes, two hundred mattocks, eighty quarts of brandy, twenty barrels of wine, twenty barrels of vermilion, two hundred shirts, twenty boxes of Limburg cheese, twenty bales of cloth, twenty suits laced on the seams, twenty hats with plumes, and a hundred ordinary suits. It was their intention to slay the Frenchmen who were to deliver the ransom; on the same day, M. Mesplex and his remaining companion were burnt to death.

When however, a few days afterwards, the Natchez saw themselves assailed by the Tchactas, their defeat seemed unavoidable: abandoning themselves to the gloomy forebodings of despair, they retired into their forts, and spent the greater part of the night dancing their dance of death; their fury vented itself in horrible imprecations on the Tchactas for supporting the hated strangers, whose destruction they had vowed.

On the 8th of February, the French with the warriors of the Tunicas and some other tribes near the mouth of the Mississippi entered the Territories of the Natchez, took possession of their principal sanctuary, the temple dedicated to the sun, and laid siege to one of their most redoubtable strongholds. If the Tchactas had then acted in concert with the veterans of M. de Lubois and their Indian allies, a lasting peace might have been secured to the colony, and the missionaries would have been consoled by the brightest prospects to our holy religion among the aborigines in these parts. But a number of circumstances favorable to the Natchez combined to frustrate the sanguine expectations of the French Commander and of my brethren in religion. The impatience and obstinacy of the Tchactas who, like all the Indians, will make a *coup de main*, but in a whim of humor relinquish all the success gained; the scanty numbers of the French soldiery; the scarcity of supplies and ammunition, occasioned by the carelessness and dishonesty of the Indians; the spirited resistance of the Natchez, who began to recover from their sudden panic, regained their former courage, and were resolved to fight for life and death—such were the obstacles with which M. de Lubois had to contend, and which after seven days of a fruitless siege, determined him to listen to proposals of peace, and thus to save the remaining French captives, whom the Natchez threatened to burn in case their overtures of peace should be neglected.

The conditions of peace were accepted and fulfilled by both parties. The French army retired into a small fort, that had been erected near the river, in order to keep the wily Natchez in check, and to secure to travellers a passage free from danger. The command was entrusted to M. Dartaguette as a reward for the gallantry with which he had, during the late siege, undergone every fatigue and braved every danger.

Here I should like to say a few words more about the

general character and disposition of the Tchactas. Before the warriors of this nation had determined to make common cause with the French in the last war, they had gone to the Natchez to smoke the pipe of peace. On that occasion the Natchez presented themselves decked out in chasubles and altar-cloths, some paraded patens, others offered their guests brandy in chalices and ciboriums: when the Tchactas had vanquished the Natchez and plundered their villages, they renewed this scene of profanation before our eyes. Their avarice is without bounds: not content with the liberal allowances granted them by M. de Lubois, they frequently appropriated by main force the supplies of the French army; they retained great quantities of ammunition for their hunting expedition; for the most trifling services they demanded exorbitant pay; and after the first battle against the Natchez, most of their chiefs made their appearance in New Orleans in order to receive from the Commandant a remuneration for the scalps which they had taken and for the captives whom they had delivered. Nothing indeed but their superior numbers could have induced M. Perrier to call them to our assistance: their insolence, barbarity, loathsomeness, and avidity are calculated to avert from their society not only Europeans, but even the nobler Indian tribes.

During this war I met Paatlaco, one of the chiefs, and a number of other Tchactas whose acquaintance I had made on my first missionary tour in their territories. They favored me with many interesting visits and repeated to me the same compliment which they had paid me on a former occasion. "Our hearts," they said, "and the hearts of our children are weeping ever since we have missed thy presence; thou hadst commenced to have the same sentiments as ourselves; thou didst understand us, and we understood thee; thou lovest us, and we love thee; why hast thou left us? Why dost thou delay thy return? Come, come with us." Your Reverence is aware that I could not grant their

petition. I simply told them, therefore, that I would join them as soon as possible; that, after all, I was in New Orleans only in body; that my heart remained always with them. "But thy heart," answered one of the savages, "says nothing to us; it gives us nothing." Such is the love and attachment of the Tchactas, as lasting as the presents which we may have to offer!

Paatlaco did certainly show great courage in the war against the Natchez. To console him for his wounds, he was received with greater attention and cared for with more solicitude than the others. These slight marks of affection turned his head: scarcely had he arrived in the village when he told Fr. Baudouin that the entire city of New Orleans had been in consternation on account of his wounds, and that M. Perrier had informed the king of his bravery and the great services which he had rendered France in the last expedition against the Natchez. Here you have the ruling spirit of this tribe: presumption and pride.

No one could restrain his tears on witnessing the return of the French women: the miseries which it had been their lot to sustain during their captivity among the Natchez were engraved on their countenances. Most of the little ones, that after the war were left fatherless and motherless, were adopted by their kindhearted countrymen; the remainder were added to the number of orphans under the care of the Ursuline Sisters, of whose admirable devotedness I made mention on a former occasion.

Indeed it is a sweet consolation for each member of that holy community, to behold the cheering results of their labors and sacrifices: from them the orphans receive a father's care and a mother's affection; under their judicious training, hundreds of young girls are preserved in innocence, and obtain an education at once christian and polite. As the accommodations of the Sisters are inadequate to the wants of the various establishments under their charge, the inhabitants have resolved to offer them a spacious

house with divisions for an orphanage, schools, a hospital, and women of suspected virtue.

In France and other European countries such multiplied occupations would be distributed among several communities, or even among different religious congregations. Among us the heroic zeal of seven Ursulines, supplies their great deficiency in numbers; still it is to be feared that, unless speedy reinforcements arrive to lighten their burden, these martyrs of charity will soon succumb under the weight of their incessant labors. All are unanimous in their praise: and those who at the time of their arrival were loud in declaiming against their large number and the expediency of their institutions, are now numbered among their warmest advocates and their sincerest friends.

The Tchicachas, a brave but treacherous nation, have been trying to corrupt the nation of the Illinois, in order to win them over more easily to the confederacy against the French. But the Illinois nobly replied that most of them were of the Prayer (i. e. Christians), and that the ties of friendship which bound them to the French could never be severed. "We shall never hesitate," said they, "to march against the enemies of our brothers, the French; he who would injure the French must first pass over our corpses." Their deeds did not belie their words. At the first news of the insurrection of the Natchez and the Jassus, the Illinois came to New Orleans to lament the loss of the Black-gowns and the Frenchmen who had been murdered, and to offer the services of their nation in order to take vengeance on the rebels. I was with M. Perrier when they arrived: Chicagou, whom you saw in Paris, headed the embassy of the Michigamias, and Mamantouensa that of the Cascacias.

Chicagou was the first to speak. He spread a carpet on the floor and placed on it his two calumets; then handing his presents to M. Perrier he said, pointing to the two calumets: "We bring thee two words, one of religion, the other of peace or war according to thy desire. We listen

respectfully to the Commandants, because they bring us the word of the king, our father; more yet do we esteem the Black-gowns, because they announce to us the word of God Himself, Who is the King of kings. We have come from afar to join thee in thy lamentations over the death of the Frenchmen, and to send our warriors against the nations which thou mayst point out to us: thou hast only to speak. When I was in France, the king promised me his protection if I should remain faithful to the Prayer; I shall never forget his words. At present we beg thee to protect us and our Black-gowns."

Mamantouensa spoke next; his address was laconic and somewhat different in style from what I had expected. "Here," said he, turning to M. Perrier, "are two young slaves, some furs and other trifles; my present is insignificant. I do not ask thee for a better one. All I ask of thee is thy heart and thy protection; I am more jealous of these two things than of all the goods of the world; and I ask them only because I am of the Prayer. My sentiments with regard to war are the same as Chicagou; I need not repeat what thou hast heard from his lips."

Finally, another old chief of venerable appearance rose, proclaiming that he was desirous to die as he had lived, in the Prayer. "The last word of our parents," said he, "was a recommendation, always to remain faithfully attached to the Prayer; they never ceased inculcating this truth on the minds of their children, that the Prayer is the only means to be happy in this life and in the other life after death."

Mr. Perrier, whose devotedness to his office is equalled only by his fervor as a christian, listened with sensible pleasure to the characteristic harangues of his visitors: far from having recourse to dissimulation, he abandoned himself to the movements of his heart, and was so happy in the replies which he made to their several addresses, that he could not have failed fully to satisfy the upright savages.

During the three weeks of their sojourn among us, the Illinois lived in our house, and gave us every opportunity to observe and to admire their edifying life. Every evening they recited the Beads of the Blessed Virgin in common, two choirs alternating with each other. They were present at my Mass each morning, singing hymns in keeping with the feast of the day: the Sisters sang the first verse in Latin, to the melody of the Gregorian chant; and the Illinois continued the hymn in the same tone in their own language. So novel a spectacle attracted large numbers to our church, and filled every soul with tender devotion; indeed, even a casual observer would have perceived that these simple savages showed more taste and pleasure in singing holy canticles, than the dregs of the French populace show in frivolous and indecent songs.

Your Reverence will be astonished on learning how well our neophytes are instructed: they are acquainted with almost all the historical events of the Old and the New Testaments; they are familiar with excellent methods of hearing Mass and of receiving the Sacraments; their catechism, of which they have a full knowledge, is perfect, and deserves to be recommended to such of our Fathers as are about to commence new missions; in short these savages are ignorant of none of our holy mysteries, nor of their religious duties. Persons that knew these tribes in their former savage state, are loud in extolling the heroic devotedness which the conversion of such barbarians must have cost; but the missionaries find their labors abundantly recompensed, even in this life, by the blessings which the Lord showers down upon their work.

The Illinois manifest great respect for the religious women. On seeing one of them surrounded by a troop of little girls, Mamantouensa said to her: "I see well that you are none of those religious without work." He meant that the Sisters are not simply intent on their own perfection. "You are" he added, "like our Fathers, the Black-

gowns : you labor for others. Ah, would that we had two or three of you with us ; our wives and daughters would learn many useful things and become better christians." "Well," said the Superioress, "choose some from among the Sisters, and take them with you." "It is not for me to choose," replied Mamantouensa, "but for you who know them ; the choice should fall upon such as are most closely united to God and most devoted to their charge." What labors will be required to implant in the hearts of the Tchactas sentiments at once so reasonable and so christian ! it can only be His work, who when He wills, changes stones into children of Abraham.

Chicagou preserves with the utmost care, in a purse made especially for the purpose, the magnificent snuff-box with which the late Duchess of Orleans presented him at Versailles. Although considerable amounts in money or valuables have been offered him for the article in question, he could never be persuaded to part with an object which reminded him of a personage, whose position in French society demanded his respect and veneration ; a remarkable attention in a savage whose characteristic it is to throw away in a moment that which he had been passionately desiring.

On his return from Europe, Chicagou brought such accounts of France and its inhabitants as could not but seem exaggerated to the simple minds of the Illinois. "The French have paid thee," said they, "in order to make us believe all these enticing fictions." "We are willing to believe thee," said his parents and nearest relations, "but thy eyes were charmed, and nothing but visions passed before thee ; for it is impossible that France should be as thou dost describe her." In vain did he assure his friends that in France there are five wigwams, one upon the other, as high as the largest trees ; that in Paris, people in the streets are as numerous as the blades of grass on the prairie, or the mosquitoes in the woods ; that the French travel

in movable wigwams of leather; that in the cities, the sick are in large wigwams, under the care of experienced physicians: nothing seemed credible to the honest savages. Mamantouensa could not understand, how the large vessels which were built could be set afloat; or how the immense anchors could be lowered or raised; "certainly, thousands of hands must be employed there," said he. Everything was explained to him, and the savage chief could not sufficiently admire the inventive genius of the Europeans.

The messengers of the Illinois left on the last day of June: probably the warriors of this vigorous tribe will join the Arkansas in their expeditions against the Jassus and the Carroys. When the latter barbarians were returning after the scene of bloodshed which they had been enacting, they were attacked first by the Tchactas who took eighteen scalps, and liberated the French women and children; then by the Arkansas who took four scalps and made several prisoners. As the victorious Arkansas approached their home, they met two boats with soldiers. The sight of the French uniform brought more vividly before their minds the remembrance of the fallen victims, but especially that of Fr. du Poisson, their venerated missionary: they swore that while an Arkansas was among the living, the Natchez and the Jassus should not be without an enemy. After the death of Fr. Souel, the missionary of the Jassus, the faithful Arkansas had intended to bring the sacred vestments and vessels, also the furniture of the mission house to a place of safety, in order to make over everything to the new Black-gown: a bell and a few books were all that the murderers had left behind them.

For some time it could not be ascertained what had become of the corpse of Fr. Souel; only of late I succeeded in obtaining the desired information. One of the French women set free by the Tchactas had, after many entreaties, obtained the body of the martyr from the Jassus, and interred it in a secret spot.

Although we have to deplore the death of only two missionaries, yet some other Fathers are even more exposed than the fallen victims. Thus, Fr. Baudouin is in the midst of the powerful nation of the Tchactas, without any other human protection than the respect which his venerable age and his unbounded charity should inspire. As I indicated above, the Tchactas are becoming more dangerous as our allies than the Natchez as our enemies: their insolence knows no limits; and it is feared that the majority of our soldiers will have to be employed in checking them, and in ensuring the safety of the French settlements within their boundaries. Fr. de Guyenne, the missionary of the Carolinas, is in circumstances not less precarious. His two mission houses have been burnt; and he finds himself constrained to limit his zeal to the French fort among the Alibamons, or to seek for a richer harvest on the banks of the Mississippi.

Nothing now remains but to inform your Reverence of the present condition of our enemies. They have collected their forces near the river Ouachita—the Natchez to the number of about five hundred warriors, the Jassus and Corroys less than one hundred. To avenge the loss of some of their warriors in a late affray with our friends, the Oumas and Bayagoulas, they have begun to make their appearance and to annoy our frontier settlements. Last week they fell upon a small French fort, and massacred nine soldiers and eighteen negroes; only three persons escaped the fury of the ruthless murderers. New outrages are feared every day.

It is plain that such a war will sadly retard the firm establishment of the French colony and render the spread of Christianity among many of the Indian nations almost impossible. On the other hand, the late disasters may determine the French government to take energetic measures, and to send without delay the forces necessary to tranquillize the settlements, and to make them and our missions flourish anew. As far as our missionaries are con-

cerned, the losses which they have sustained and the imminent dangers to which they see themselves exposed, only serve to increase their zeal and to make them rely with greater confidence on Him Whose assistance is at hand even when all human resources are failing.

I recommend myself, our Fathers and Brothers, and our labors to your Reverence's Sacrifices and prayers.

ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE, GRAND COTEAU, LA.

Letter of Fr. Maitrugues, S. J.

NOVITIATE, FREDERICK, MD.,
Feast of St. Fr. Xavier, 1875.

VERY REV. FR. PROVINCIAL,

P. C.

But lately, your Reverence expressed the desire to have a brief outline of the history of St. Charles College, Grand Coteau.

Not being very familiar with the English language and not having any document to guide me, the following attempt must needs be very imperfect; though, I trust, it will not fail to prove my eagerness to comply with your wishes.

J. MAITRUGUES, S. J.

St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, La.

I PART.

[1835—1858.]

Grand Coteau is situated in the Parish of St. Landry, La., west of New Orleans, at a distance, in an air-line, of about one hundred and sixty miles.

Should any one have the curiosity to visit that secluded spot, which, not unlike Brieg, Montrouge, Vals or Woodstock, is perhaps destined to rise into fame, he might be pleased to know that from New Orleans it may be reached by two different ways: Brashear city, Bayou Têché and Newtown (New Iberia, as this last is now called); or Mississippi and Red rivers, the Atchafalaya and Bayou Courtableau. The first route is the most expeditious, and excepting on Sundays, offers daily accommodation; it is objectionable on account of the necessary change and transfer from railroad to steamboat, and from steamboat to stage coach. The wild, beautiful scenery all along the way renders the other more attractive; yet, during the summer, it is not advisable on account of the low water.

Grand Coteau, as the name indicates, is somewhat more elevated than the adjacent tracts of land. It forms to the eye a rough circle of about four or five miles in diameter, bounded by different creeks or bayous, with the usual amount of oaks, cypress and hickory trees, from whose branches the ornamental "Spanish beard" hangs to the ground. The locality is generally considered free from contagious or infectious diseases and may be pronounced healthy, with the exception, perhaps, of the months of August and September, when malaria is apt to exert a deleterious influence.

Although on account of the richness of the land, almost

every kind of produce may be cultivated, a greater attention is given to sugar, cotton and corn.

Grand Coteau forms the border line of the region where orange trees thrive, and even there require special care ; not so much on account of the extreme cold as of the sudden changes of the weather. When a frosty night is succeeded by a serene day, then, under the influence of the sun's rays, the bark splits and the tree is considered lost.

But lately the number of people coming within the jurisdiction of the parish priest was estimated at eight thousand. The greater part is of French origin and is called the old population. About half a century ago, a certain number of families came from Maryland : the Smiths, the Hardys, the Millards, etc. The rest are chiefly late immigrants. This variety of origin does not prevent among them a great unity of purpose and good mutual understanding ; which may be accounted for by the fact that nearly all are Catholics, many educated by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart or in our own College. And, since the occasion offers it, I may here relate a word I heard from Mr. Anderson, who is a Senator in Louisiana : "Your Grand Coteau population hardly ever brings up a case of crime at the courts. 'Tis wonderful !"

This may serve as a preliminary for the better understanding of this little notice concerning the parish and College of St. Charles, Grand Coteau. And, not to appear too egotistic, I must add that, except for the fertility of the soil and for the merit of its inhabitants, the place would be sad and dreary, being flat, generally bordered with swamps, subject to excessive rains and droughts and offering little attraction to an *amateur de la belle nature.*

In 1835, or thereabouts, Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans, desired our Fathers to take charge of a college at Iberville, La. For some cause or other, after having visited the place they did not consider it favorable. They were then encouraged to look for a more advantageous site.

Several attempts were made under apparently good auspices, but notwithstanding the best intentions of all parties, at the moment for final arrangements, something unforeseen would occur and put a stop to further proceedings. What took place at Donaldsonville may be told here, as showing more clearly the designs of Providence in favor of Grand Coteau.

Our Fathers were very eager to establish themselves at Donaldsonville, which was, at that time, a very thriving place. Besides its being easy of access from all parts of Louisiana and of the adjacent States, it is a very healthy and also a very agreeable site, affording a commanding view of the king of waters. Rev. Fr. Point, who was then Superior, went to work in earnest and soon all obstacles were removed; so that it was already considered as arranged; the more so, as the understanding was likely to prove advantageous to all parties. But, when the time for final adjustment had come—the document being written and needing only a few signatures for its validity—some of the inhabitants made an opposition so uncalled for, that Fr. Point withdrew at once, declining further proceedings; and as the Reverend Father had urgent business of a spiritual nature calling him to Grand Coteau, he took a speedy departure from Donaldsonville.

During his stay at Grand Coteau, Fr. Point, guided by Providence, we may say, for mere human wisdom and prudence did not seem to advise that course, made final arrangements for a College in those parts. Meanwhile some of the more fervent Catholics were endeavoring to set matters right at Donaldsonville. The subject was reconsidered and it was decided that the Father should be given satisfaction on all subjects. But great was their disappointment when they heard that another place had been chosen, and that things were so far advanced that there was no possibility of return. From that time, Fr. Point was to feel at what cost he was to deserve the title of Founder of St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau.

It is said that the prince of this world leaves no spot unvisited; that he sends his emissaries everywhere—and that consequently that 'out of the way' place was soon to be the seat of a terrible conflict.

Fr. Point had nothing to begin with but a wooden church, one small wooden house (which still serves as an infirmary), and a kind of log house. He chose this last for his residence and that of his companions, and the other for the intended College. It is said that, at that period, had it not been for the charity of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, it is not known how our Fathers could have withstood the trials they had to endure.

The College notwithstanding was at once declared open. This announcement was received with outcry by the outside world, not so much in Grand Coteau, as in the neighboring towns. We were held up to the public as objects of hatred, unworthy to breathe the air of Louisiana, in short we were "bound to leave the place." Timely warnings were received in the shape of anonymous letters, containg among other compliments the following: That if after fifteen days we had not cleared the place, we should see ourselves stripped, whipped and driven out.

That these were not mere words, idle threats, became apparent; for real organizations were being set on foot in Lafayette, the next parish to ours, with the avowed purpose of expelling us. Meanwhile, in Opelousas, the newspaper was trying to excite a popular movement against us. It was owing to the devotedness of the members of Grand Coteau parish, that things did not take a worse turn; for they too rose in arms and for many days made regular daily and nightly rounds for the security of the Fathers. When this became known, it spread terror in the enemy's camp and they held their peace.

The newspaper gossip was stopped in the following way. A gentleman of Opelousas, otherwise not known to be devoted to us, happened to enquire how the Fathers would

meet the different charges brought against them, and hearing that they would bear all patiently, he became indignant and went at once to the editor, reproved him for the meanness of attacking unoffending priests; and in fine, assured him that, should these abuses be repeated, he would call again for redress. He was heard.*

Meanwhile amidst all this stirring up of the passions, the College of St. Charles was progressing. Over sixty boys had answered the first appeal and were located in the house which at present is considered too poor and too small as an infirmary. There, in that small place, the students studied, ate and slept. During the day, the beds were removed and tables for class and study were placed instead. We are told that those were "the gay times," that the students were fond of the Fathers, and made rapid strides in the acquisition of knowledge. Soon there was to be a public exhibition; and though it consisted mainly of recitations, it created great enthusiasm. The College was duly cheered, and toasts were offered for its prosperity.

The necessity of enlarging the college became apparent. A tasteful building arose, as if by enchantment, and when it was completed, Fr. Point could not help exclaiming: "*Ah! le voilà enfin, le collége St. Charles, enfanté dans la douleur!*" And he could say so truly, for it is difficult to imagine the amount of vexation it had given rise to. It was a common saying that Fr. Point could not have a brick moved, but there was some one to find fault with it. Towards the end, as if to perfect his crown, he had a great deal of troublesome business and had to go to law with the contractors.

But the work of God was going on meanwhile, and from year to year St. Charles' College was sending to their homes a number of youths that know our Lord a little better. Likewise the convent of the Sacred Heart was at work pre-

* Dr. Millard's testimony.

paring the best 'sort of catechists, that is, good and christian mothers. And though much still remained to be done, infidelity, heresy and secret societies received severe checks; many a prejudice was removed, many a mind enlightened, many a wound healed, as the present fervor proves. For if in all that country, which extends from Brashear city to Alexandria, the Catholic churches are better attended than heretofore, it may, in part, be ascribed to the two causes referred to. This would be the place to enter into highly interesting details, were it not that the events and facts are of too recent occurrence. Suffice it to say that there were at one time one hundred and thirty pupils at St. Charles; that many have since distinguished themselves and reflected credit on their *alma mater*, and that all have kept a good *souvenir* of their college days, as the little anecdote I am about to relate plainly brings out.

It was during the late secession war that Fr. Abbadie, who is the personification of St. Charles (having been employed there from the first and in all the various offices), whilst on one of his spiritual missions, had to pass over the Confederate lines. Called upon to exhibit his permit, the good Father acknowledged that he had never thought of such a thing, and was accordingly marched to headquarters. The unfortunate sentry had no idea of the bright capture he had made, but was soon to be enlightened. He had not gone far with his prize, before Fr. Abbadie was recognized by some of his former pupils, and the news that he was a prisoner spread like wildfire through the camp. At once numerous groups were seen emerging from under every tent to see their dear Fr. Abbadie and hear his "God bless you" once more. I will not attempt to describe the astonishment of the officer in charge when he saw this triumphal march, nor the poor sentry's embarassment the while. The whole resulted in a flourish of three grand, general hurrahs! and Fr. Abbadie could not grasp the numberless hands stretched out to meet his.

There are such sweet moments for apostolic men, but how far apart !

II PART.

[1858—1875.]

About the year 1858, as St. Charles' College was still advancing, another brick building, equal in size to the first, was erected.

These were "the glorious times" throughout the United States. Wealth and general prosperity were to be seen on all sides. But Grand Coteau was a christian institution and had to be fashioned according to the divine model. It was during this truce with the outside world that internal trials took place. Our Mission at the time had but few laborers, and many were in consequence prevented from receiving complete formation. Besides, there were several objections to this establishment. It was difficult of access and otherwise unpromising, or at least it appeared, compared with other houses, to be of inferior importance. And as it was evident that some place must be abandoned, why not Grand Coteau? Serious fears were already entertained by the friends of the College for its further continuance. But just then the cry of secession and war was heard and put an end to this matter for the time. He would have been wise indeed, who, in such a crisis, would have judged what was the most advisable course.

Meanwhile, during three or four calamitous years, of which I refrain from saying anything, our house at Grand Coteau continued its mission and never failed one day to attend to the parish and the convent, the camp and the school. Alternately visited by friends and foes, it received from both due honor and protection. We have to thank divine Providence that, besides the privations consequent on the blockade and

the mental agony of seeing so much desolation in the land, we had no misfortune to bewail in that general catastrophe.

Soon after the war, two of Ours generously offered up their lives for charity's sake. One caught the infectious disease in Washington, La., whilst attending a dying priest, and then gave it to the other who had come to assist his brother in his agony. At a later date their remains were brought to the College cemetery, and for safer transportation in coffins nailed together. With all its roughness this was so expressive and touching that we let it be: both went down together. "One in life, even in death they were not divided." Their names are Fr. Chaignon and Fr. Nachon.

Whilst mourning these and other losses, Grand Coteau struggled to hold on, if not to gain, her former splendor. But the question of its suppression returned with new urgency, till towards the end of the year 1868, by an order of our Very Rev. Fr. General, Grand Coteau was no more a College. Those were "the gloomy times." This measure did not proceed from a hasty deliberation, but was to be definitive and in some way irrevocable. Accordingly measures were taken to dispose of all that belonged properly to the College, furniture, goods, etc.

Nothing was to remain but the parish with its stations and missions. What may have been the regret of some who had spent their lives at an ungrateful task, I cannot say. What I know is that not a murmur was heard, and that some only expressed their resignation and their intimate persuasion that the present trials would, like many others, last only for a time. It is current among our people that a certain religious of the convent, on her deathbed, had foretold that St. Charles' College would have many a hard trial to undergo, but would come out triumphant at the end.

A few months later, there was in Grand Coteau more life, bustle and activity than ever before; for it afforded a welcome and a timely asylum to the whole community of

Spring Hill College, professors, students and all! So whilst the latter received shelter and hospitality, they at the same time resuscitated their sister-house.* When our Very Rev. Fr. General heard of all these things, he sanctioned what had been done, and expressed a wish that St. Charles' College should be suppressed no more and be allowed to work out its own destiny. This glad intelligence was at once communicated to the inhabitants who partook of our joy.

The number of students soon reached one hundred and fifteen. They brought back life and animation, were seen or heard through the fields and over the creeks, and soon there was hardly left a rabbit unchased. The writer bears witness that more than once he counted over thirty after a single hunt. They had been caught without any other stratagem than the throwing of a stick and sometimes a direct run. This sort of recreation the students had not enjoyed at Spring Hill to the same extent or with equal success, so they highly appreciated it. Later on came the summer excursions, the bird-chase, etc., but all this together with the other luxuries to be had at St. Charles', that land of milk and honey, though sufficient to give content, did not extinguish the students' longing after "*old* Spring Hill" as it continued to be called, though it was now entirely new; and so, when Grand Coteau saw the end of that year approach, it could not but feel a vague apprehension with regard to the future.

Then it was that the noblest example of devotedness was given us. By looking over the catalogue of 1870, one can easily satisfy himself that the care of the College, church and the other usual employments of Grand Coteau, such as attendance at the convent, visiting the stations and missions, devolved upon eight Fathers, the youngest of whom was over fifty years; it was also remarked that each one had exercised superiority in the Society. These members divid-

* Spring Hill College was burned to the ground in 1869.

ed their time for class and prefectship among themselves, and as their health was but indifferent, they at times made common cause and set all their ability to work; so much so, that the saintly Rector, Fr. Benausse, whom God called to his reward the following year, could say smilingly, as was his wont, that he was "contributing to the advance of civilization by daily teaching *Rosa, rosæ.*" To leave nothing untold, a young Scholastic was sent to their aid; but it pleased Almighty God to leave us this example in all its brightness, and he became useless during the course of the year. Those were "the times of mercy."

Our Rev. Fr. Superior seeing that the expected help from the Province did not arrive, concluded that some scheme had to be devised to give stability to our works and to fill up the vacancies; for many had completed their sacrifice or were on the point of doing so. He resolved to go to Very Rev. Fr. General and represent the situation. It was in the beginning of the year 1870. It was also the first year of his administration and the affairs of our Mission were in a sad state. New Orleans still felt the consequences of a disastrous war; Spring Hill College was just being rebuilt and Grand Coteau, as we have seen, was struggling for existence.

It is said that our Father General was very much moved when he heard of our works and that he praised the Mission and the zeal and patience of its members. He gave hopes that help would come in due time and measures were taken accordingly.

Meanwhile prayers were offered up for the success of this undertaking, throughout our Mission. It would not be rash to say that the results far surpassed Fr. Superior's expectations. He had indeed spared no trouble and had made application to divers provinces; and he had not done so altogether in vain. Besides, provision had been made for the education of a goodly number of promising youths. The return of some members fresh from their studies was

eagerly anticipated. The prospect was, without doubt, much improved; but, as far as known, the organization of a novitiate, though the want was felt by every one, had not yet entered any one's mind as feasible. The hour had come notwithstanding.

A year had not elapsed, since Fr. Superior's return, when he was called to the parlor by twelve young strangers. Great must have been his astonishment, and not less his satisfaction, when he learned that they had come all the way from Switzerland to ask admission into the Society of Jesus. They then related how, while at the college in Brieg, they had heard from Fr. Diviné* of our Mission and of its wants, and how by common accord they had resolved to come and offer themselves. Though no immediate provision for their reception could be had in any of our houses, they were, as a Godsend, directed to Grand Coteau, in the hope that He Who had sent them would also provide for them. Not unlike what is related of almost all of our Novitiates and particularly that of St. Andrea, in Rome, of Lons-le-Saulnier, in France, and also that of Frederick, the novitiate of Grand Coteau was, from its cradle, adorned with all the insignia of the Kingdom of Christ. Poverty was there foremost with her sisters, Suffering and Humiliation in the background. There was a large room on the fourth story, once used as a sleeping room but since much neglected. It was put in requisition for the use of the novices. The little cortège of privations arose from various causes, some of which can be ascribed to the want of due accommodations. Next, but not least, the installation of our heroic postulants had taken place in midsummer and at the same time the full strictness of the novices' regulations had been applied. As they were anxious to wear the habit, they were at once satisfied, but as

* Rev. Fr. Diviné belongs to the German Province and has for a long time resided at Brieg, where he is chaplain of the Ursuline Convent. He is nearly eighty years old.

everything in that as well as in the rest, had to be improvised for the occasion, a great variety ensued. It took our college students a long while to realize the object of the strangers and to become accustomed to see them go through the different exercises and experiments.

They were not admitted as novices at once *in globo*. Each one had to be tried and examined according to our custom. Only six came safe through the first scrutiny and constituted the Novitiate. The others received a special order of the day, in which study had the chief part, and they constituted our Seminary or, as it has sometimes been named, though improperly, the Apostolic School. In fact, it is not connected with the apostolic schools established in many of our European colleges by Fr. de Foresta. The latter subsist altogether upon alms, and leave the youth an entire liberty to join any religious Order or Congregation as he may feel inclined. In Grand Coteau the Mission itself bears the burden of such as cannot defray their expenses and acquires certain claims on them. What a noble charity it would be if our American Catholics were to emulate their European brethren and have the satisfaction to prepare young Levites for the sacred ministry!

At present there are eight such students in Grand Coteau. The novices range between fifteen and twenty, I believe, representing many nationalities. Twenty or thereabouts, having come out of the probation victorious, are going through their Junior course.

During the last four years many little improvements have been made, which render the sojourn at Grand Coteau more agreeable. The farm offers to all suitable diversion on holidays, and as the seasons revolve, each brings its own tribute to our enjoyments. The sugar grinding which takes place in November and December is hardly completed, when spring is hailed, which in its turn covers the oaks with green and prepares cool shaded alleys for the summer.

In fine, it is not out of place to mention here, that, among

the blessings of God upon our Novitiate, not the least is its having been preserved from dangerous diseases. Grand Coteau is also much indebted to Dr. Millard, a student and graduate of Georgetown, who, for the past forty years, has been the attending physician at our house and as such deserves the title of benefactor and friend. The following are his own words: "It seems to me that I can have no rest till I know that everything is right at the College." Such words need no comment.

And now, nothing remains but to express the confidence we feel with regard to the future of Grand Coteau. It is daily striking root deeper, and further trials may only render it more stable and more fruitful. Of course it will always be the same lonely spot, still be poor and humble; but who can deny that it is day after day working out a noble task and fulfilling a bright destiny?

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND RESIDENCE, FREDERICK, MD.

To write fully the history of St. John's Church and Residence is to give the history of Catholicity in Frederick county. All the churches in the county have been more or less connected with St. John's; St. Joseph's on the Manor, the churches of Petersville, Liberty and Middletown are its offshoots. St. John's is also associated with the churches of Mt. S. Mary's and Emmettsburg as having had for a number of years the same pastor, the Rev. John

Dubois, afterwards Bishop of New York. In this paper, however, no attempt will be made to speak at length of these outlying missions; a short account will be given of them when the time comes to speak of their foundation.

By the middle of the last century a number of Catholics had settled in Frederick valley. They were principally of English origin, having emigrated immediately from England, or from the lower counties of the State. These settlers were attracted thither by the fertility of the soil, or by the inducements held out to them by Mr. Carroll, the father of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. About the year 1750, Mr. Carroll, then living at Annapolis, went to Frederick county on a hunting expedition. He was much taken with the scenery, the pleasing variety of mountain and valley lands, watered by the Potomac and the Monocacy. He determined to purchase a large tract, now called the Manor, and though his wife said she "could see no use in throwing away money for a forest," he was fixed in his resolution and bought from the State, for the small sum of two hundred pounds, twelve thousand acres of land. This tract, a considerable portion of which still belongs to one of his descendants, was divided into small farms by Mr. Carroll and rented to persons whom he had engaged to go thither from the lower part of the State. These tenants formed the nucleus of St. Joseph's parish, now attended by Fathers from the Novitiate.

It may be inferred that the first settlers on the Manor were Catholics, because Mr. Carroll, was no doubt, anxious for his religion to get a foothold in the Frederick valley; and that most of them were from the lower part of the State, since the names frequently occurring on the old baptismal and marriage records are the Catholic names from St. Mary's, Charles and Prince George's counties. Other Catholics were drawn to Frederick county, in order to escape the rigors of the penal laws, which were in full force in the original colony, owing to the bigotry and tyranny of

the Protestants. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the Darnalls, the Boones, Abells, Paynes, the Brookses, the Jamisons, the Jarboes, whose names are found on the records, are from the old Catholic settlement.

But whilst enumerating the Catholic population of Frederick valley a hundred years ago, the Germans have to be reckoned; they went either directly from Germany or from Pennsylvania, about the middle of the last century. Some Hessians settled in Frederick Town at the end of the revolutionary war; but of these very few were Catholics. There were also quite likely a few Irish Catholics scattered through the county. Judging from the name, John Cary, signed to a deed for a lot, on which the original Chapel was built, an Irishman was the first benefactor of the Society in Frederick. The deed is in favor of Fr. George Hunter and bears date of the 2nd of October, 1765. In the document it is stated that for and in consideration of the payment of five shillings, current money, a title is given to the lot above mentioned; this same lot had some years previously cost the seller forty or fifty times that amount. Mr. Cary was a merchant, as appears from the deed.

The spiritual needs of this population were looked to, as well as circumstances allowed, by the Fathers from St. Thomas' mission near Port Tobacco, then and for a long time afterwards, the residence of the Superior. The Fathers of this mission had stations, churches, or residences through Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania and a part of New York. Most likely Frederick valley was for sometime attended directly from St. Thomas'. The Father who was appointed for the work used, no doubt, to make long excursions, which would take in the Catholics of what is now the District of Columbia, of Montgomery and Frederick counties along the line of the Potomac river. After the mission was begun at Conewago, some German Father would, perhaps, go to Frederick Town, a distance of forty miles, to administer the Sacraments to the faithful of his nationality.

In the course of time, the number of Catholics increased, especially in Frederick Town, and it became necessary to build a residence and chapel for the spiritual wants of the faithful. This residence and chapel were accordingly built in 1763, by Fr. John Williams, an English Jesuit.* Very little is known about this Father; from papers in the possession of Rev. Fr. Rector of the Novitiate, it seems that he came to the mission of Maryland, on June 9th, 1758, in company with Fathers James Framback and James Pellentz, the founders of the congregation at Conewago. How long Fr. Williams remained at Frederick, and who was his immediate successor, is uncertain. He returned most probably to England, as his name is not mentioned among the nineteen ex-Jesuits† in Maryland in 1774, whose names are given by B. U. Campbell.‡ There is reason to believe that Fr. George Hunter was the successor of Fr. Williams, from the fact that his name occurs in the deed already mentioned. It may be answered that Fr. Hunter was the Superior at that time, 1765, and the deed was consequently made out in his name. These reasons are not conclusive; for it is doubtful whether Fr. Hunter was Superior in 1765.§

* Fr. McElroy's MSS.

† The members of the Society, who happened to be in Maryland and Pennsylvania at the time of the suppression, formed soon after an association and thus preserved most of the property. They appointed a Superior, who was also recognized as Vicar-General by the Vicar Apostolic of London. Fr. George Hunter was the Superior until his death in 1779, and was succeeded by Fr. James Lewis. On the appointment of Rev. John Carroll by Rome as Arch-Priest in 1784, Fr. Lewis was superseded, and this state of things remained until 1805. On May 10th, of that year, Bishop Carroll, having previously obtained from Fr. Gruber permission for the members of the late Society in the United States to be united to those of the (never suppressed) Society in Russia, called the ex-Jesuits, six in number, to Baltimore, and admitted them into the Society. Shortly after this date, he appointed Fr. Robert Molyneux Superior.

‡ Memoirs of the Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll.

§ Fr. Hunter came from England to this mission in 1760, and a second time in 1769. He was Superior until his death in 1779. He labored

It is known that he was the Superior and Vicar-General in 1774, but this was after his return to Maryland. The other reason based on the deed is equally unconclusive; for deeds were not always made out in the names of the Superiors as will be seen further on in this history.

In Campbell's list of ex-Jesuits, alluded to before, Fr. James Framback is set down as the pastor of Frederick Town in the year 1773. The mission entrusted to Fr. Framback was no easy one; Western Maryland and the upper part of Virginia formed his parish, entailing upon him long and perilous journeys to visit the Catholics scattered through his extensive territory. Sick calls over mountains and rivers for fifty and sixty miles must have come hard on one who had already been on the laborious Maryland mission nearly twenty years. Not unfrequently he had to exercise the greatest caution to avoid detection and captivity at the hands of the Protestants. "He slept generally on the saddle beside his horse, in order to be prepared for a sudden flight; and on one occasion he barely escaped with his life, when on a visit to a Catholic family at Aquia Creek in Virginia, by the fleetness of his horse in carrying him through the waters of the Potomac, while he was fired upon by his pursuers before he reached the Maryland side of the river."* Father Framback was a German and came to the mission in 1758; he died at St. Inigoes, Aug. 26, 1795, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Fr. James Walton succeeded Fr. Framback. This statement is made on the authority of a deed for a part of the Novitiate property. This deed was written in 1779; the following extract will, perhaps, be interesting as giving an

long and well and died in the odor of sanctity at St. Thomas' in the 61st year of his age. He built the fine residence at St. Thomas', which used to be admired so much. The traditions of the Province place a halo of sanctity about the name of this Father. It is to be lamented that more is not known about him.

* Clarke's Lives of Deceased Bishops.

example of the wordiness of legal documents in the last century:

"This indenture made this seventeenth day of November in the year of our Lord one Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy Nine, Between Benjamin Ogle, Junior, of Frederick County in the State of Maryland, Merchant, of the one part, and James Walton of St. Mary's County in the State aforesaid, Gentleman, of the other part, Witnesseth that the same Benjamin Ogle for and in consideration of the sum of Five Hundred Pounds Current Money to him in hand paid by the said James Walton at and before the ensealing and delivery of these presents, the Receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, Hath given, granted, bargained, sold, aliened, released, enfeoffed, and confirmed, and by these presents Doth give, grant, bargain, sell, alien, release, enfeoff, and confirm unto him the said James Walton, his heirs, assigns, all that Lott or portion of Ground, situate and lying in Frederick Town, known and distinguished by the Number Ninety-Six, containing sixty foot in breadth and three Hundred and Ninety-three foot in length, lying and adjacent to, and on the South part of the Chapel or place of worship used by the Roman Catholicks."

May it not be inferred from this indenture that Fr. Walton was in Frederick Town as pastor in 1779? He is spoken of as from St. Mary's county for the reason, probably, that at the time of the purchase he had not been long enough in Frederick county to acquire citizenship. Fr. Walton was an Englishman and came to Maryland in the year 1776, and died at St. Inigoes in 1803, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

The first residence erected, as was already stated, by Fr. Williams, and which now forms part of the Novitiate, was a two-story brick building; it included on the first floor three rooms and a passage, thus giving a front of about fifty feet, and corresponding to what now are the bed-room, the sitting-room of Fr. Rector, the passage in

the rear of the bed-room and the adjoining apartment now appropriated to the pastor of the church; the second floor was used as a chapel and has since been divided into the library of the tertian Fathers, the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, and the Fathers' recreation room. It is well to mention that the entrance to the residence was by the passage in the rear of Fr. Rector's bed-room; this passage was on a level with the street. Many years afterwards a basement was added to the building by the grading of the street. This was the work of Fr. McElroy.

The small chapel of Fr. Williams was for nearly forty years the only place of worship for the Catholics of Frederick county. The Fathers remained in Frederick Town during the suppression or, at least, went thither now and then. Fr. Walton, the last Father of whom we have any record as having been there, died in 1803; but sometime before his death the chapel was attended by the Rev. John Dubois. This change became necessary, as the Fathers of the old Society were yearly becoming fewer and the number of Catholics was continually increasing. Many of the more distant churches were given up to secular priests. St. John's fell into good hands.

The Rev. John Dubois is too conspicuous in the history of the Church in the United States, to need any notice here. He began to minister to the spiritual wants of the faithful in Frederick Town about the year 1792; he had also under his care the Catholics about Emmettsburg, of Montgomery county, Martinsburg, Western Maryland and Virginia, and was in fact for a long time the only priest between Baltimore and St. Louis. "Some of his congregation came to Frederick to attend Mass and receive the Sacraments from distances of twenty, forty and sixty miles; and when any of them were ill or dying the indefatigable pastor journeyed these distances on horseback and sometimes on foot, to carry the consolations of religion to them. His missionary labors were extraordinary; he spared no pains, labors, or fatigues

in the discharge of the sublime duties which heaven assigned him; after the exhausting fatigues of his ministry in town, he scoured the country in quest of souls, entering into the minute details of instructing and catechising the children and servants, etc." This extract is from the work of Mr. Clarke, and is given in order to show the difficulties the predecessors of Rev. Mr. Dubois had to contend against.

One of the first undertakings of the new pastor was to build a church in the place of the small upper room in the residence. The work was begun in the year 1800. The people thought him mad and even Mr. Taney, afterwards Chief Justice, who was an eminent lawyer at Frederick and a member of his congregation, said: "We all thought that the means could not be raised to pay for such a building; that the church would never be completed, and, if completed, it would never be filled with Catholics."

The church was a brick building, eighty-two feet in length and forty-five in breadth, and having been torn down in part in 1859 and rebuilt and transformed, has since been used for the Juniors and as an infirmary. Much difficulty was met with by Rev. Mr. Dubois in paying for the church. The usual means were resorted to; and in 1804 a lottery even, authorized by the State was resorted to, but with little success. Venerable Fr. McElroy, then in business in Georgetown, took a ticket in the lottery, but the money was returned owing to the failure of the enterprise.

The Rev. Mr. Dubois remained in Frederick until 1806, when he removed to Emmettsburg and from this place most probably went to Frederick once or twice a month. Things continued in this state until the time of Fr. Francis Malevé of the Society, who took charge of the congregation in the year 1811. Of this Father and his labors something will be said in the next paper.

(*To be continued.*)

THE YOUNG MEN'S CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON COLLEGE.

As this enterprise is novel in our Province, and gives expectation of fair results in the cause of religion, we trust it will attract the notice and awaken the interest of Ours. With this in view, and in order to record a noteworthy event we subjoin the particulars of the organization, condition and prospects of the new association.

Whilst the Catholic young men of other cities have been supplied for years with satisfactory means of spending their leisure evenings in an agreeable and profitable manner, their brothers of Boston have not hitherto enjoyed a similar privilege. There were, indeed, divers literary and dramatic clubs, but most of them were poorly attended or lasted but a short time. In contrast with these ephemeral bodies, the Catholic Lyceum Association gave promise of vigorous and expansive growth. A zealous clergyman was its Moderator and distinguished laymen yielded their moral support. Soon, however, from various causes, among which the principal was that the reverend director was charged with the burden of a parish, the canker of declining interest set in, and after the lapse of half a decade the society fell into irreparable decay. In the evening, then, our young men were suffered to roam where inclination might lead them, without the influence of a Catholic society to withdraw them from dangerous paths. In consequence, whilst the well disposed, avoiding the peril abroad, at home fell into the snares of mental inactivity and settled down in *ennui*, worse befell the youth who might bear Horace's character of *cereus in vitium flecti*. Already, the Young

Men's Christian Association was beginning to inscribe upon its roll of 2,215 members, some of our faith who were allured solely by the excellence of its gymnasium. It was time to put a stop to this evil.

In the beginning of the present year, when the Rector of Boston College found himself in possession of an enlarged and spacious building, it occurred to him that these roomy precincts, besides serving the purposes of the daily student, might, in the evening, accommodate the Catholic young men of the city. This idea speedily assumed the shape of the proposal set forth in the following communication:

BOSTON COLLEGE, Oct. 5, 1875.

To the Editor of the Pilot.

DEAR SIR: In the improvements lately made in this building, I had it in view to prepare a place where the Catholic young men of the vicinity might enjoy a harmless recreation. I can now offer them a gymnasium, a reading room, a music room, a large hall, and a smaller hall for debating societies. To carry out my plan, I wish to form a Young Men's Catholic Association. My efforts will be fruitless, unless I obtain the coöperation of those who are convinced of the existence of the need I wish to supply. All such persons I invite to a preliminary meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 7½, p. m., in the College lecture room, entrance by the north door on James street.

Yours truly,

ROBERT FULTON.

Here, then is the final and practical solution of the difficulties that had heretofore rendered futile any attempt to make a permanent provision for the mental culture, physical development and proper relaxation of our young Catholics. As was to be expected, for your Bostonian is not proverbially slow at seeing his opportunity and seizing it, the response to the invitation was general and enthusiastic. The evening of Nov. 3d, witnessed a large concourse of

young men, evidently keen in exploring the new movement, earnest too, in joining it, if found satisfactory. The lecture hall, though capable of holding a goodly number, soon overflowed with the multitude and was abandoned for the ample basement of the church, where an assembly estimated at eight hundred was convened. Men of prominence in Catholic circles had been invited to this inaugural meeting and gave it the benefit of their presence and counsel. The Rev. President of the College arose and after a cordial reception proceeded to state the object of the meeting. He renewed his offer of rooms and conveniences for culture and recreation to the Catholic young men. He invited them to join the association which was now organizing for the purpose of securing the right use of these facilities, and concluded by asking them to exert their good sense and manly virtue in embracing their new advantages. The Chancellor of the Archdiocese, urged the necessity and unfolded the benefits of the project, which meets with the hearty approval of the Archbishop. Frequent applause greeted his remarks which were evidently inspired by his sympathy for young men of whose character and nobler aspirations, for the good and true, he formed no mean estimate. The business of organization was then taken up and a committee appointed to draft the constitution and by-laws of the society. After several speeches that added force to the preceding addresses and heightened the enthusiasm of all present, this preliminary meeting adjourned.

A fortnight later, under omens equally favorable, our young Catholics, now fully in the current of the new movement, reassembled. A constitution, the result of deliberations in which some of the wisest heads and warmest hearts of our Boston Catholics had a share, was read and unanimously accepted. We extract those clauses that are peculiar to the association or of special significance.

1. This society shall be styled the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College.

2. Its object shall be to promote the physical, mental and moral improvement of its members, and to provide them with innocent recreation.

3. All male Catholics over eighteen years of age, of good moral character, are eligible to membership.

5. For active membership will be required the payment of the initiation fee of one dollar, and of twenty-five cents thereafter; quarterly in advance; or of twenty dollars in full for life.

6. To honorary membership the Board of Directors are empowered to elect eminent Catholic gentlemen, and especially the patrons of the Association.

7. The Board of Directors shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Financial Secretary, Treasurer, Librarian and ten Directors.

8. The President of Boston College shall be *ipso facto* President of the Association, and shall appoint the Treasurer and five Directors. The other officers shall be elected.

9. The President shall have power to veto any action of the Association, or of any part of it, and to depute to another the exercise of any of his rights.

14. Every year at some time appointed by the President, the members shall perform during three or more days the exercises of a mission or a retreat, to which all the Catholic young men of Boston shall be invited, and at the termination receive Holy Communion in a body; and should any one fail to comply with his obligation, the Secretary shall drop his name from the roll, unless his excuse be deemed sufficient by the President.

If the framers of these by-laws have won our admiration by the discernment which marks the statutes regarding membership and government, the expression of Catholic sentiment that appears in the last mentioned clause deserves our heartfelt thanks. This we hope to see observed in the letter and in the spirit. We hope to see reproduced in our Church of the Immaculate Conception, the scene that the

Cathedral of Paris witnessed in the days of F. de Ravignan when "on the Easter morning, three thousand men—among them the *élite* of the upper classes and of the schools—with humility in their hearts and a holy confidence on their brows, came forward, in order, to the sanctuary where the chief pastor of the diocese and the orator of Notre Dame, shared the joy of distributing to them the Bread of Angels." This would surely prove an occasion of genuine happiness to the members, of triumph to the patrons and projectors of the Association and of comfort and edification to the entire Catholic community.

The rest of the business transacted at this second meeting consisted in enrolling the names of the candidates of whom a splendid file marched up to the desk, and in announcing the resolution of the Catholic Lyceum Association which constituted the Boston College Society, the heir of its funds and library. In subsequent conventions of the associates and sittings of the Board of Directors, the details of organization were settled and the care of arranging and starting the mechanism of the various sections confided to responsible committees. The opening of the reading room and gymnasium was fixed for the first Tuesday in December; the halls for music and billiards chose to reserve their attractions until the new year.

At this point we imagine that a sketch of the apartments ceded to the club for occupation, will interest some of Ours and display to all the material resources at hand from the very start: a visit to the members is a matter of courtesy and will prove a pleasure, and an exhibition of the advantages they possess is necessary to form a correct idea of the present condition of the Association. First and chief is the College Hall. This elegant place of assembly, beautiful in its decorations and ample in its capacity, is destined to be the scene of many a public display, redounding, we trust, to the credit of the associates. On this rostrum, some will essay their oratory and from a friendly audience receive

the first plaudits; under the management of others a purified drama will diffuse mirth or awaken noble sympathy, from this stage. How admirably the hall is suited to the literary and social ceremonies of a public reception extended to men of position or distinction, was lately shown on the occasion of our Cardinal's visit; and it is desirable that the members should make frequent use of it for such purpose. We are not too sanguine when we hope that from its services in the cause of religion, this College Hall will ere long grow as dear and sacred to Boston Catholics, as is Fanueil Hall to the citizens of Boston in the cause of freedom.

In the building connecting the residence and school, there is a lofty, large and neatly arranged room which will comfortably seat two hundred and fifty. Here are held the regular meetings of the Association and here its debating club will have weekly sessions. This is the room of all others that elicits comment. In the meetings, the society exercises its vital functions, grows in strength and limb and adopts measures for its preservation and development. Here it must sincerely be the wish of every reflecting Catholic, that ability and wisdom may never resign the chair, and concord and moderation rule in the council, so that the many schemes for good, both particular to the Association and general to Holy Church, which youth and enthusiasm are apt to devise, may reach maturity and be applied with effect.

For a literary club better quarters could not have been contrived. The size and circumstance of the place call for just the medium of vocal exertion desirable in reading and declaiming for practice; whilst the debaters may thunder over the opposition in tones most satisfactory to themselves. The debating club should meet with the best countenance of the whole Association. Its work, the prelude, we hope, of the real and arduous labor which the Catholics and people of this commonwealth may, later on, have reason to admire, must reflect honorably on the entire body. If our

knights grow active and expert in these jousts, we may look for valiant fighting in our ranks, that now cry in vain for such champions. In this connection, we would congratulate the members on the chances afforded them, of always obtaining correct views on subjects of moment in religion and ethics ; in effect, they have the best security that they need never leave the College walls without settled convictions on questions of this nature.

Passing out of the lecture hall and going down a flight, we enter the library and reading-room. Once devoted exclusively to the purposes of the College Debating Society, this apartment was the favorite on which three successive Presidents of that body, lavished all the resources of their fertile invention and refined taste. The books, mostly of a severe classic tone, were disposed in mahogany cases; a table of the same material extended the length of the room ; chandeliers and pictures and all that might add dignity and elegance were procured. This rich furniture remains, whilst the number of volumes is increased by the incorporation of the Catholic Lyceum Library, and will, in due time, receive substantial accessions in the branches of science, history and lighter literature. A glance at the files reveals the presence of the best British and American papers and we hear it is the intention of the committee to make a judicious selection of magazines and reviews. The impression made on the visitor as he advances a few paces into the room, is exceedingly agreeable. He finds himself in company decidedly respectable, and must recognize the appearance of the associates to be such as might be expected of gentlemen embarked in the professions. Above, he has encountered our young men absorbed in the vigorous exercise of their intellects, engaged in the gymnastics of the brain; here, he notices some, review or paper in hand, moderately tasking the understanding or indulging the fancy, whilst others have relieved the mind of all but the facile calculations of back-gammon and chess. If he is a moralist he

will find consolation in the sight of so much intelligent and promising manhood escaping the vortex of corruption into which such masses are drawn, and spending the otherwise perilous evening in society so safe, cheerful and improving. It is gratifying to learn that the number of those regularly admitted to enjoy these benefits, has reached two hundred and eight, and that those of the better class who have come to inspect, have, without exception, applied for admission.

Taking a few steps in an opposite direction, the gymnasium and the forms of the athletes meet our eye. We have beheld the conveniences set apart for the culture of the intellectual life; before us are the contrivances that tend to preserve and fortify the physical. In this room, which is the deepened basement of the old College building, are set up the various inventions that compose a gymnastic apparatus: parallel bars and trapeze, ladders horizontal and vertical, rings that sustain the bat-like flight of the men around half the room, unromantic machines that will leave you after fifteen minutes of hard rowing in precisely the same spot of dry land, weights to lift and weights to pull, dumb-bells and Indian clubs: in fine, every expedient to strengthen the muscles, expand the chest and impart to the person power combined with grace. We notice that our friends are quite active in developing a sound body, assured that it is not the worst condition for a sound mind. To the Rev. Chairman of the Committee we would hint that he has opportunities for working in the good cause. If the Germans make their *Turnvereine* a powerful lever in politics, and the Young Men's Christian Association opens its gymnasiums to encourage morality, why should we not use ours to advance the manifold interests of Holy Church? Arrived at the end of our circuit, we must compliment our friends on the abundance of the means that invite them to pass their vacant evening in a resort so serene and elegant. Improvements, mainly in a material respect, are, of course, still possible, and will keep pace with the rising condition of the finances.

This review of the facilities and present state of the Association cannot fail to excite a feeling of intense gratification; does a glance into the future inspire a different sentiment? Are there bright prospects of a permanent, vigorous, influential existence? Will it survive when the enthusiasm of the first moments is smouldering low; survive, not with thinned ranks and flagging strength, but marshalled in full column and animated by an energetic and progressive spirit? It is usual to encourage young enterprises by flattering promises of success and immunity from decay; without conforming to this custom, we have reason to predict a prosperous future for the Young Men's Catholic Association. The fund of attractions as we have witnessed, is inexhaustible and adapted to the diversities of temperament and taste. The members, besides readily yielding to the impulse of their Catholic zeal which incites them to support an institution so favorable to religion, are of a class to appreciate means and measures that will evidently result in their improvement. Ardor is infused by efficient committees whose duty and honor it is to raise their several departments to a high degree of excellence.

Shall we sound the praises of the Board of Directors? Not to indulge in the panegyric of individual merit, we must declare that as a body, they form the strongest guarantee for the preservation of the union and the promotion of its interests. Our surest ground, however, of anticipating no early disaster for the craft launched so auspiciously, is not in its construction or general seaworthiness, but in the provision which secures its management to superior officers whom vocation renders alike skilful and experienced. Suffice it to say, that the government of the Association is in the hands of those, whose ancestors have met with eminent success in the direction of young men for three centuries, in the course of which to use the language of Crétineau-Joly, "Tasso and Benedict XIV, St. Francis de Sales and Fénelon, St. Alphonsus Liguori and Bossuet,

Ferdinand of Austria and Maximilian of Bavaria, the Prince de Conti and Turenne, piety and genius, the majesty of the throne and the glory of the army, were united at meetings of the Sodality over which a Jesuit presided." A mere allusion to the flourishing state of the unions in London and New York that are similarly conducted, will enforce and close our reasons for believing, that even when the echoes of the first complimentary "*Esto perpetua*" shall have died away, our Association will live and prosper, and that on this basis of permanency will be raised a structure stately and beautiful. Nor is this the sum of our expectations. It is no great flight of fancy to foresee that the society will very soon outgrow the space which a kind but necessarily limited generosity has allotted, and establish itself in a building commensurate with its enlarged proportions. Colonies will spread the spirit and multiply the benefits of the mother association in remote sections of the city and vicinity. The results of its harmonious and effective action will lead to the formation of like bodies in the larger provincial towns of New England, whilst its wise system will serve them as a model. And, finally, should the commanding appeal ever go forth to unite under one grand system all similar associations that are subject to the vicissitudes of a separate career, what a glorious link will ours form in the golden chain of this Catholic Fraternity!

NOTES ON RETREATS AND MISSIONS GIVEN BY THE FATHERS OF MARYLAND DURING THE SUMMER AND FALL OF 1875.

Rev. Dear Father,

P. C.

It may be of some interest to your readers to set before them a short sketch of the missionary work which we have been able to perform during the past few months. It will show that our vacation is not all vacation, and that whilst we give ourselves the repose which is necessary after a year of close confinement and hard labor in the class-room, we can still find time to keep up our practice in the use of the spiritual weapons placed in our hands by our holy Father—The Spiritual Exercises.

During the vacation of 1875, our Fathers gave fifty Retreats to various communities who had applied for their services. Of these eight were to the clergy of as many Dioceses, some in Canada, some in the States; one retreat was for Seminarians, the rest to communities of Religious men and women, scattered about the country from Wheeling, West Va., to Halifax, N. S., and as far South as Columbia, S. C., from Hamilton to London in Ontario. But this is not a new thing among us. The vacation has been thus spent for years back as far as any of us can remember. But it seems the number of retreats is continually increasing—as new communities are established ever year, each of which is eager to enjoy the blessings of a retreat; whilst the old communities which have had the retreat in past years, continue their regular annual supplication for the same blessing. Your young friends around you, who are preparing

themselves for the great battle-field on which they are eager to appear, need not fear that when they come out, there will not be work enough for them to do. Let them only come forth well-armed, well-disciplined and full of courage. *Deus providebit* for the rest. For those who are willing to labor, there will always be found more than they can do.

But the great event of the year and one which it was hard to expect in our present condition, is the setting apart of six Fathers for the Missions to the people during the whole year. These Fathers have been divided into two bands, three of them being destined for missions in New England and its neighborhood, the other three for missions in the southern portion of the Province and adjoining States. Our missionaries went to work in a quiet, modest way, beginning in small country parishes; but doing great good everywhere.

The northern band was to commence its labors in May at Leominster, So. Lawrence and Andover. Our Church at Boston, St. Mary's, gave them a larger field, 7500 being the number of communions at the end of the mission. At Leominster there were 1000. A mission at Southington besides giving good results in the usual way of confessions and communions, brought to light a vocation to the Society which is now being cultivated at the novitiate.

July and August interrupted the missions for the sake of retreats to Priests and Religious—but early in September the usual round of labors was resumed in New Brunswick. The Cathedral parish of St. John's numbering twelve thousand was first on the list. Nine thousand communions were the result of two week's preaching. Frederickton and St. Stephens in the same Diocese were evangelized in the same month. A few days' rest was then taken by the Fathers, who were no doubt in need of it, and then came a mission at Brighton near Boston, which was pronounced very successful. Next was a long and laborious mission

at St. Joseph's Church, Boston. In this parish the mission was divided between men and women. The latter had the first part, and more than five thousand communions were given. An equal number of communions rewarded the second part of the mission which was exclusively for men. Yet it had been told the missionaries that the whole population was not over six thousand. Indeed it was remarked at all the missions that the pastors were astonished to find that there were so many more Catholics within their jurisdiction than they had ever supposed. They came pouring out of alleys, lanes, bye-ways, garrets and cellars, where no priest had ever hunted them up.

This was followed by a mission at Canton, Mass., the fruit of which was very consoling; but as the parish is small sixteen hundred communions was considered a splendid result.

There may have been some more small expeditions by the northern band, which have escaped my notice, but what I do know is that they have already work enough promised them for a year in advance; and I hope your readers will have some account of their success in future numbers of the LETTERS.

Jubilee missions were given by other Fathers during the vacation at various places, viz.: Carroll Manor and Clarksville, Howard county, Md., Rockville and Tenallytown, near Georgetown, D. C., as also in some of our churches in the lower counties of Md. These were attended to by the Fathers from the Colleges. The three regular southern missionaries opened their campaign at St. Joseph's, Phila., late in September. One week had been allotted to this congregation, but it was necessary to prolong the time. But here let the missionary speak for himself:

"The mission at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, was continued a week beyond the stipulated time. It was a happy conception; the real fruit of our labors began only then to be apparent. There was not that crowd of obdurate sinners,

which formerly flocked to St. Joseph's during a mission, when the number of Churches in the city was comparatively small; still the amount of good done was not trifling. Not a few cases of many years' standing presented themselves at the tribunal. Some 2,500 souls drew nigh to the holy table.

"Holmesburg, however, surpassed all our expectations. The parish is small, numbering at most four hundred communicants. The news of the mission stirred up the neighborhood of the rural district. People came from a distance of over ten miles. The little Church was well filled from early morn until 9 P. M. Not a few who had to walk from three to four miles, were present at Mass at half-past five. But their great fervor and zeal became patent during the evening exercises at half-past seven. Upwards of a hundred had a journey to travel of from five to ten miles when service was over, and among them not a few females. The confessional claimed our presence all day without intermission. Whales of immense size came into the net by scores, and it did not break. At the conclusion, more than double of the original number of the parish had made peace with their Maker. We had about 840 communions. The good pastor's heart was brimful of joy and gladness at the rich harvest.

"Our next mission was at Richmond, Va., where our labors were blessed beyond all expectation. Persons who had neglected their religious duties for many years, even as far as thirty, came by hundreds. At the conclusion, the fruit gathered in amounted to over 2400 confessions and 2109 communions, an excess of 800 over the mission given here two years ago. Bishop and priests and people were overjoyed. After my closing exhortation on Sunday evening, the Bishop arose and addressed the congregation in one continued strain of happiness. He called his people to witness to our untiring efforts and to the glorious fruit reaped from our labors. We left Richmond in triumph,

all the priests and seminarians accompanying us to the depot."

From Richmond the three missionaries went to Wheeling, West Va., but no account of the fruit has as yet reached us. We hope to hear of this and other missions and would even beg the Fathers to give us some edifying details, which will not only be interesting to the readers, but also be the means of increasing our zeal in preparing ourselves for a work which gives so much consolation to the workmen, so much glory to God.

P. M.

Nov. 23d, 1875.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have received the following very interesting letter in regard to the mission at Wheeling, which at first seemed not to promise very brilliant success :

"FREDERICK, Nov. 24, 1875.

"REV. AND DEAR FATHER PROVINCIAL.

"You were prophetic in your last to me, forwarded to Wheeling. The ice *did* break and only by almost more than human efforts did we stem the current and become masters of the element. At the close of the first week about nine hundred only had approached the Holy Table. The parish numbered some twenty-seven hundred communicants. A frightful indifference had seized upon the people. The female portion, who in all missions take the lead, were alarmingly slow at Wheeling. Their example was wanting for the good fight. It was patent, that the war could not be carried on with success, if our batteries were not changed. So we commenced to apostrophize those that slept in the Cathedral graveyard. We summoned the parents, friends and relatives of our auditors to relate their sufferings in purgatory and call for help in pitiful strains. Handkerchiefs were soon in demand, and this was the signal of our victory.

"On Tuesday following, over five hundred females received their Lord, and light came out of darkness. During

the rest of the week the Church was crowded at every service, the confessionals were thronged at the close, and on Saturday we were busy all day till midnight, hearing about eight hundred men, who approached the railing in a body on Sunday morning. The sight was magnificent and touching. In the evening, squaring our accounts, we reached the astonishing number of thirty-two hundred that had come to confession, of whom twenty-eight hundred had approached the Holy Table. This was an evident proof that the status of the parish was not known to the priests, who told us from the outset, that, should success crown our labors, we should have from twenty-two to twenty-four hundred for Holy Communion. God be blessed for all His mercies! On Sunday evening more than five hundred were invested with the holy scapular, and about the same number had received it at various times during the mission."

From Wheeling the Fathers went to Philadelphia, where a regular mission was to be held in the Church of St. Cecilia, and a jubilee Mission at St. John's. Both were abundantly blessed with the usual good results. The latter was especially important on account of the circumstances that the two great Methodist revivalists were holding forth just across the street from St. John's Church. When the mission was about to open, the leader of the band was far from feeling confident of success. His throat was sore from previous overwork, his voice husky and harsh, and yet the opening sermon was to be given. Trusting in God, he mounted the pulpit and spoke in a clear, ringing, well-modulated voice, such as he had been a stranger to for years; and for sixteen sermons given by him during the mission, this almost miraculous voice held out. Of course, the opposition over the way was not broken down, but it did no injury to the mission. Indeed it is asserted that this jubilee was the most successful effort of the whole campaign.

In the meantime our northern band was not idle. At St. Paul's Church, Worcester, Mass., a very large congregation

was thoroughly stirred up for two weeks. This Church is one of the largest and most beautiful in the State, and had just been completed. Its inauguration by a mission drew immense crowds to the services. Another two weeks' mission was given in our Church of the Immaculate Conception at Boston, the result of which was six thousand communions, without counting several thousand more received in other churches by those who had followed the exercises and had confessed to our missioners and their assistants from the College. This truly magnificent Church is the creation of our venerable Fr. McElroy the dean of the whole Society, both in years of life and in years of religion, and it may be said to have been the first church in New England, certainly the first in Boston, which, by its architecture, size and splendor of adornment and of services, attracted notice and admiration even from Protestants and gave the example, happily followed since, of building churches that reflect credit on our Holy Religion. It was solemnly consecrated last August, and this mission was intended as a crown to that glorious ceremony, so as to sanctify and consecrate the congregation who frequents the church.

Some smaller missions given by either band we pass over in silence, but enough has been said to show that there is great work to be done and that we must prepare ourselves diligently for successful reaping in the field before us.

OSAGE MISSION.

St. Francis' Institution,
Osage Mission, Neosho Co., Kansas,
July 13, 1875.

Dear Father,

The first day of this year was a day of joy and holy pride for my congregation of St. Stanislaus Kostka at Independence, Montgomery county, in this State of Kansas. We had been trying for a time to organize a Catholic Temperance Society, and on that day this great work was accomplished. As the men who were going to form the society were known to be very prone to indulge in intoxicating liquors, so the news that on this day they were going to take the pledge, drew quite a number of people to the church to see how the matter would be conducted.

I had Mass at ten o'clock, and during this explained to the people what was the spirit of Catholic Temperance Societies, their difference from societies of the same name among Protestants, etc. At the end of the Mass all the members approached Holy Communion, and Mass being over, all returned to the foot of the altar and took the pledge. It was indeed a most beautiful sight to see men with white hairs, heretofore notorious for their dissipation, come now to gain such a victory over themselves! It was indeed a great lesson to the growing portion of my congregation.

Of those who had come to witness this ceremony, some were strong unbelievers, and that day meeting me would laugh at me and joke about my Temperance Society, saying, "Father, do you think those old saloon customers will keep

the pledge? Wait a few days, and the police officers will tell you whether they kept it or not. We know those fellows better than you do!" In reply I could but answer that I did not know what they might do in after time; however I was fully confident that, with the help of God, they could keep their pledge. Six months have just elapsed, and I feel happy in stating that not one of them has yet broken his pledge.

Long experience has proved to me most evidently, that people who generally attend to their christian duties, are never deprived of the happiness of receiving the last Sacraments at the hour of their death. I can prove this with many instances that have happened to me during these last twenty-five years of my missionary life in these western countries. I will limit myself to mention three of these which took place of late.

Sometime during last winter, travelling on Fall River, in Greenwood county, to attend the congregation of St. Francis Regis in the vicinity of New Albany, I was told that one of my best friends was on the point of death, that he had sent for me, but they could not find me, and could get no other priest to attend him. I hastened immediately to his house. No sooner did the poor sick man see me stepping in, than his countenance seemed to be animated with a new life. "Thanks be to God," he exclaimed, "O Father dear, you have come at last!" then looking to his wife, he said, "Now it is all right, I am ready to die." It took him about one hour to get over the excitement caused in his system by my arrival. When I saw that his mind was quiet and settled, I advised him to make his confession. So he did. After this I told him that early next morning I would give him the last Sacraments. He felt very much satisfied, and rested well for awhile. During the night he had a good deal of trouble from a violent cough, which seemed to choke him to death. At last he felt again a little easier, and without losing any time at daybreak, I read Mass for him

in his room. At the end of it I administered to him the Holy Viaticum and anointed him. He was at all times conscious, and edified us all with his devotion. The tranquillity and calmness which he showed after having received the last Sacraments, was such that all his friends thought he would recover. Hardly four hours had passed, when he most quietly expired, just like a man who falls asleep. People wondered at the way this man came to his end. Some, specially Protestants, were saying that he could not die unless he had first seen the priest. The same was said by the doctors, who had given him up several times in that sickness; and he himself always said that he could not die before seeing me. He was a very good man in all respects, and God granted him the wish of his heart. May his soul rest in peace.

The same, with but very little difference, happened in the case of two other most pious persons, who, considering the circumstances by which they were surrounded, were almost in the impossibility of sending others for me or any other priest, and were bound to die deprived of the last consolations the Church can give us. But divine Providence brought me to the place where they were, just in time to assist them to die a christian death.

During these last six months I did not forget to visit the Indian Territory, south of the State of Kansas, and I am forced to say that the Osages always received me with great respect and affection; but at the same time I am also bound to acknowledge that, more or less, I always received great annoyance from the Quakers, under whose care they now are. Both Agent and missionaries seem to be bound to oppose whatever might any way seem agreeable to the Catholic portion of the nation: I mean to the half-breeds, who number some sixty families, and not only are good and pious, but also very intelligent and industrious. They have almost all been raised at this Mission school, now called St. Francis' Institution, and naturally can but feel thankful to

us for what they know, and wish to have their children raised in the same way as they were. And this exactly is their great crime before their present Agent as well as missionaries, who seem to burn with jealousy and passion whenever they hear them saying that they wish to have a Catholic school for their children. And because the half-breeds as well as the full-blooded Osages signed several petitions which they sent to the President of the United States, requesting him to give them Catholic missionaries, for this reason the Agent refused to give them rations, took from them all lucrative employment, and refused to pay them for the work they had done! This is the way the poor Indian is treated.

The Agent does not like my visits to the Osages, and much less to their children who are at the school of the agency; for, he says, my visits always bring disturbance in the camps of the Indians, as well as in the school. "When the mission priest comes here," says he, "all are after him, some want to be married, others want him to baptize their children, all want to go to confession and to hear Mass. They even bring him to the graveyard and want him to pray on the graves. Now this is too bad, and breaks all our regulations. It must be stopped."

The school superintendent, an old-fashioned Quaker about six feet high, whom all call Uncle Ben, and his evangelical wife, a small women, whom people call Aunt Annie, seem to be moved by a good deal of zeal, especially when I go to visit the children, and more than once, calling me aside, requested me, with great politeness, not to tell the children that one must be baptized, and that out of the Catholic Church there is no salvation: these words, say they, create great disturbance, and when we try to teach them Christianity they do not want to listen to us! You may imagine what answer I could give to the entreaties of people who claim to teach Christianity and at the same time deny the necessity of Baptism.

On the fourth Sunday of May, having been invited to preach at the school-house in the afternoon, I did so, and lectured there for one hour. Not only the children were present, but the Agent, teachers and other people, a good number not being Catholics. They did not interrupt me this time, as they had done on a previous occasion, but once I got through, the Agent stood up, and, in the presence of all, said, in a very rough way, that I was interfering with the order of the school and the direction of the children. To this I replied that I never did any such thing, "but the school managers," said I, "did this day act very unjustly towards the children and their parents. You acted unjustly towards the children this morning by not allowing some of them to come to hear Mass, and you acted unjustly towards their parents, for all those who are here present well know that their parents want them to be raised in the Roman Catholic faith." The Agent did not reply to my remarks, but abruptly said, "I want you to answer me some questions just here." Seeing that he wanted in this way to start a quarrel and get the advantage over me, I replied to him that now I would not answer a single one of his questions, that he well knew in what house I was staying, and if he would come and see me there, he would be welcome, and then I would give him full satisfaction. Having said this, I took my hat and left the room.

This of course did not please the Agent; so, after I had left, he spoke a good deal against me, and his words were confirmed by two of his friends, who most certainly had combined with him, and intended to give me trouble, if I had answered the questions of the Agent.

The people kept very quiet all the time, till at last a little half-breed school girl, some thirteen years old, stepped on the platform from which I had given the lecture, and, pointing her finger at the Agent and his two friends, said with a clear voice, "You, you, want to pervert us, you want to make us Quakers by force. . . . The Father never did try

to pervert us, or to make us join his Church by force. . . . We are Roman Catholics, and will not give up our faith to please you." This unexpected piece of eloquence broke up the whole meeting, and with the exception of a few partisans of the Agent, the balance sided with me and approved my way of acting.

Not long since, the Kansas Indians, who used to live one hundred miles north of this Mission, having been moved to the Indian Territory west of the Osage Reservation, I went to visit them about the end of last June. As I was not a stranger among them, for, several years ago, I attended them, they received me most kindly and requested me not to give them up. I could not stop with them longer than one night. I promised them that we would not abandon them, but, as soon as practicable, I would return to visit them and give them an opportunity of complying with their christian duties.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

INDIAN MISSIONS—LAKE SUPERIOR.

FORT WILLIAM, LAKE SUPERIOR.
October 24th, 1875.

* * * * * Leaving New York on the 15th ult., I reached Toronto at five o'clock the next evening. I went immediately to the Archbishop's residence, where I made the acquaintance of the good, genial old Dean, Mr. Proulx, a French Canadian priest. The few hours I spent with him were quite a relief. The 17th, Friday, at noon, I took the train for Collingwood on the railway which connects Lake

Ontario with Nottawasaga Bay, a continuation of the Georgian Bay, and, therefore, of Lake Huron.

On the steamer from Collingwood I found Fr. Vary who was coming back from Montreal. We got on board at five in the evening; till eleven that night we met with a pretty heavy swell in the Georgian Bay; but Saturday and Sunday morning turned out fine. As we steamed past the Great Manitoulin Island, we had a view of Killarney, a splendid harbor. This being the port of the Holy Cross Mission, I said to myself: now for the land of hardships! (*Bonjour, misère!*) We hoped to see Fr. Hébert, who attends to the Catholics of this place, but we were disappointed. He hears confessions in Indian. Brother Koehmstedt, schoolmaster at Wikwemikong, seems to have been very successful in mastering this language. Fr. Nadeau is just cut out for his work.

On Sunday, Fr. Vary said Mass at Sault Ste. Marie, whence we started about midday. Here we are far out in Lake Superior. Towards sundown the squalls begin. They last all night. The whole crew was up; I did not sleep a wink, and I felt that, whether the danger were real or magnified by my inexperience, there could be nothing wiser than to draw near to God.

At one hundred and eighty miles from Sault Ste. Marie we sight Silver Islet, where the mines are worked by an American company. They are picking out silver five hundred feet beneath the lake's bed, the miners, however, living above ground. None but Americans could succeed there. A Canadian company had tried it and given it up as a hopeless job. Captain T., who superintends these works, allows Fr. Baxter to come first in the religious services of Silver Islet, though he himself is a Protestant. The reason he gives is that the priest needs no breakfast before his service. He also defrayed most of the expenses for the chapel, and made a present of a bell to our church at the Landing. Besides this mission, Fr. Baxter visits Ile Royale and La Pointe à Miron.

At length we got to Thunder Bay, a beautiful inlet on the North Shore of the lake, twenty miles from Silver Islet. The place at which the boat stops is called Prince Arthur Landing. Out of a population of six hundred, two or three hundred are Catholics. Fr. Vary goes there every Sunday to say Mass. Happy we who have always lived amid the splendors of Catholic worship! Those poor people have Mass, and sermon in French and English—there are no Indians there—once a week, on Sunday, and nothing else, except catechism for the children. Low Mass, without servers: for there, the priest is his own server, his own sacristan, *ad omnia.* Then he breaks his fast with those who are willing to invite him. Fr. Vary will try to have some singing, vespers and benediction, a server, etc.; but all is yet to be done.

Our Mission is seven miles from Thunder Bay, up the river Kaministiquia. For sick calls from the Bay, the messenger has to paddle all the way, often in the dark: true, there is a carriage road, but not on our bank of the river, though one can generally find some means of crossing. Often enough, too, Father Baxter is to be found at the Bay during the week, but not always, as he has other missions to attend to.

After spending the night of Monday the 20th, at our Fathers' house near their church at the Landing, we set out, in a steam-tug for our destination, the Indian Reserve. The Indians are not numerous. They are fond of a roving life. At present, they are fishing or hunting, with a view to winter provisions.

What shall I say of the country? Would it be too much to call it a wolfish country (*un pays de loups*) owing to its climate, and a land of adventurers? Indians, half-breeds, whites toiling in the gold, silver and copper mines. Among the whites are all sorts of nationalities: English-speaking, German, French Canadian, etc. Well, I have come to the conclusion that it is very hard to say which climates are

the best, the least demoralizing; hot or cold? a problem I will not undertake to solve. [The writer spent a year in the West Indies.] In these icy regions, the devil, getting no assistance from atmospheric heat, makes great use of internal fires kindled by whiskey. The consequences are self-evident. Happily, the scourge has not succeeded in gaining a foothold on the Indian Reserve, thanks to the zeal of our Fathers.

A digression. To-day, the 27th of October, the ground is covered with snow. We had a heavy snow-storm the night before last: it must have been terrible out on the lake. I hope we shall have a thaw: else it would be winter beginning three weeks too soon. The ice here generally *takes* about the middle of November and remains till the middle of May. Last year it held out till early in June. As we have but two mails a week, Mondays and Saturdays, my letter will leave under care of Blessed Alphonsus, and St. Stanislaus will deliver it to you. A few minutes ago Fr. Du Ranquet handed me a book of notes on our labors here; he has no objection to my making a few extracts for you. I intend sending you a sample sometime in '76. The good Father, accustomed to life in the woods, thinks himself in carnival here, and yet our ordinary fare. . . . Alas! yes, *mon cher*, I take my meals, and now this is, in very truth, an act of pure reason. No doubt it is some compensation to be spared the trouble of examining what part of the meal may be sacrificed. There is no describing the details: tasting is believing (*on y goûte et l'on comprend.*) I have heard of a doctor who, on the threshold of eternity, left, as a legacy to suffering humanity, three prescriptions: *diet*, *water* and *exercise*. Truly, those three may be met with *even* and *especially* at Fort William.

Fr. Vary has just started for the Bay. He is going to place a tabernacle in his church, and thus, at least once a week, those poor people will enjoy the Real Presence.

"Years go quickly by," was a remark lately made to me

by Fr. Du Ranquet, who has been here twenty-three years, and who had already labored ten years among the Indians of Walpole Island on Lake St. Clair and in the neighborhood of Detroit, as well as around Lake Huron and among the Montagnais. In all, thirty-three years of Indian missionary life! Is it not the strangest of paradoxes to say that time does not hang heavily on the hands of men, who lead a life of privations amounting to downright want? They suffer, God only knows how much; moreover—and it is the work of God's right hand (*et Dieu fait encore un coup de sa droite*) —they make no account of their sufferings, they live, without perceiving it, in a state of utter destitution. Fr. Du Ranquet's life is less painful now than it used to be. He meets oftener with white men. What, then, must have been the heroism of Fathers Jogues, Lallemant, De Brébœuf and the other early missionaries!

The Indians, whom Fr. Du Ranquet visits, are scattered over some five hundred miles: this is about the distance he travelled last year. He visits at least a thousand of them, but of these, two or three hundred only are christians, the rest pagan. He never finds more than four or five families in one place. On his excursions he starts by the steamboat, taking along with him his bark canoe, which is to be his only vehicle for a couple of hundred miles. When he goes to Lake Nipigon, which lies towards the west in the direction of the Lake of the Woods, the journey is one of eight days. Although he generally meets with some wayfarers, he told me he once made a trip of a hundred miles alone in his canoe, keeping always four or five miles out from the lake shore. The Grand Portage is a break in the navigation nine miles long. There he steps out of his canoe, lifts it up on the bank, ties to it his bag of provisions together with his portable chapel, and hoists the unwieldy bundle on his shoulders, holding it in its place by means of a broad leather band resting on his forehead.* Thus freighted, he

* This way of carrying burdens is the one commonly adopted in the backwoods of Canada. It is generally known by its French name, *porter au collier*. The muscles of the neck and head do all the work, leaving

toils through his three leagues till he can take to the water again. In winter, he is always on snow-shoes, sleeping alone in the "bush." Need I add anything about his humility and charity, or say that he lives only for his poor Indians?

Fr. Blettner teaches me theology, Dogma in the morning, Moral in the afternoon. One copy of Gury and one of Schouppe for teacher and pupil. However this is no drawback for the teacher, seeing that he has been teaching these things twenty-three years. We hope soon to receive another Gury. As for Schouppe, I believe we are expecting a new edition.

In these parts, we are easily brought to wonder at nothing. Let me tell you the only material advantages we enjoy here: First, the steps from the wharf to the house are a very gentle slope; secondly, the house is all on one flat; no fatiguing staircases—that's all. My professor of theology also teaches me Indian. I must say I do not find this language very attractive, though some think it remarkably rich and beautiful: it is a matter of tastes. School is not yet opened; it will be at All-Hallows; at present, eclipse of children, I don't know where they are. You must know that English is very useful here: it is the ordinary language of the whites around us; I trust I shall not forget it.

Fr. Blettner is sixty-nine; he began his missionary life at fifty. Fr. Du Ranquet is sixty-two. Fr. Vary, who consulted a doctor when last he was in Montreal, will not be able to go on the mission, owing to disease of the heart. The doctor told him he had not long to live, and he speaks of this with the greatest pleasure: it is evident he does not cling to life. God grant that all these holy examples may not be lost upon me. *Adieu, mon cher frère,*

Yours unreservedly in *Corde Jesu*,

E. R., S. J.

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the arms and hands free to ply the hatchet in cutting through the underwood, and to grasp the branches of trees in a steep ascent. Some shantymen are said to have carried, in this manner, loads weighing between six and seven hundred pounds for a distance of two or three miles.—[Ed. Woodstock Letters.]

INDIAN MISSIONS—WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

From a letter of Fr. P. G. Guidi, S. J.

COLVILLE, W. T., Aug. 17th, 1875.

* * * * I am happy to be able to satisfy your desire of hearing something about our missions. You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear of the celebration of Corpus Christi among the Indians. For a week before the Feast, the various tribes, some from a great distance, began to gather around the mission church, in great numbers. On the Saturday before, we heard of the approach of two large tribes that had come together on the way, and were coming in a body. The Indians who had already arrived, received orders from their chiefs to assemble in front of the church, which stands on the slope of a beautiful hill. There they waited with the banner of the Sodality and their military standard displayed. Soon the new comers appeared, two and two, on horseback, in very good order, and carrying their guns over their shoulders. They halted a moment, when they came in sight, and saluted us with a discharge of their firearms, to which our Indians replied in like manner and then marched down to greet the approaching tribes. Another double salvo, then the strangers dismounted, all shook hands, and returned together to the church.

On the Sunday following we opened the exercises of the Jubilee. A very devout procession was made in the evening, and throughout, the conduct of the Indians was most edifying. Their chiefs had forbidden any unnecessary or distracting occupations in the camp during that time. Three Fathers were busy, for three days before the Feast, hearing confessions.

On the Feast itself, two low Masses and one Solemn High Mass were celebrated; the attendance was very large and there were many communions. Before the Solemn Mass, the Great Chief made an address to the whites who were present, expressing his gratification at their presence, and urging them to strive, by their modesty and devotion, to give no scandal to the Indians. After Mass there was a long and orderly procession, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, in which all joined with most edifying piety, singing hymns and canticles as they went. Among the whites were six soldiers and non-commissioned officers, belonging to the United States troops stationed near here.

The celebration of this Feast was attended with many blessings. Many who had strayed away were brought back into the right path; three infidels were converted, and many received signal blessings in many ways. I accompanied one of the tribes on its homeward march, three weeks after the Feast, and was much edified by the piety and regularity which reigned among them. Every morning and evening they gathered around my tent to say the regular prayers and to hear an instruction. On Sundays all came to hear Mass, and many received Communion. Those who lived near enough to my camp, came every morning to Mass, and every evening to prayers and catechism. I baptized there three adults, and five others on my way home.

I might tell you many very touching incidents connected with our missionary labors here, all tending to show that if this field is one of hard work, it is not, by any means, without rich blessings and most abundant consolations.

THE TEXAN CYCLONE.

Letter from Fr. Manci.

CUERO, DE WITT CO., TEXAS.
November 30th, 1875.

REV. FATHER IN CHRIST,
P. C.

To comply with your Reverence's request, I will give you some account of the disaster which laid waste the town of Indianola two months ago. I should have done so before, had not my many occupations and journeyings to and fro thwarted my good intentions. The delay has no doubt made my too vivid impressions of the scene settle into becoming serenity; my imagination is not now so painfully sensitive as it was just after the event, when I wrote to Rev. Fr. Artola with the clothes on my back still soaked in sea water, and my poor brain crowded with the recollections of that dreadful night. But, on the other hand, some important circumstances may, in the meantime, have slipped my memory. However, I trust your Reverence will kindly accept my best efforts to relate things just as they occur to my mind.

The 15th of September was truly a dismal day for Indianola. It began with one of the largest funerals ever seen in this town—a foreshadowing of the catastrophe which was to follow in a few hours. On seeing the great concourse of people, I felt moved to say a word or two to them on the vanities of the world and on the certainty of death's uncertain hour: for Martin Mahon, whom we were mourning, had been taken away from amongst us quite suddenly.

After the funeral, towards noon, the sky darkened all at once, and a silent fear crept into the hearts of all. I myself was on the point of remaining in Indianola, had I not already promised to go to Cuero where I had some children to baptize, and some confessions to hear, and where I generally used to go once a month.

As I stepped into the railway cars, it began to rain and to blow as if to usher in the hurricane of which all had a presentiment, but whose ravages none could foresee. I reached Cuero at half-past five in the evening, baptized, heard confessions, and, next morning, the 16th, started, in the midst of a pouring rain and a violent gale, for Indianola, as I had promised to return that morning. When we got within ten or fifteen miles of this town, at about 10 A. M. we began to slacken speed, the track being covered with water, and to sound as we went slowly along, for we ran the risk of running into the current beneath us. At 11 A. M. we were half a mile from Indianola station, when a man came running up to us and telling us to stop, because the railroad had been washed away about seven o'clock that morning. So we came to a stand-still. Your Reverence cannot imagine how intensely painful it was for me to hear the conductor say that the train could not advance, and that it was impossible to reach the town on foot, on horseback, or by swimming. It fairly knocked the breath out of me. Was I then to be cut off from my flock in this awful extremity? In my distress, I tried the Church's exorcism on the tempest; but heaven seemed to have sworn to chastise Indianola, and the storm raged with ever-increasing fury. The waters went on rising two or three feet every hour. The violence of the wind was so terrible, that, when I chanced to put my head out of the door, my spectacles were whipped off and blown away as if they had been a shred of straw.

About noon we saw a family making signs to us for help. Some of us immediately ran to their rescue and succeeded in saving two little boys with their father, mother and

grandmother. This act of charity snatched from us our own chances of escape in the rear on the road to Victoria and Cuero; because, meanwhile, the storm had destroyed the track behind us. However, as the sequel will show, God was not going to allow Himself to be outdone in generosity.

Here we were, then, in the midst of a surging sea, exposed to an unceasing blast, whose fearful impetuosity may be gathered from the fact that it was, without a moment's interruption, driving before it, to a height of some sixty feet and to the distance of forty-eight miles, the waters of the Mexican Gulf. None but an eye-witness could have any adequate idea of the violence of this hurricane. Many people imagine that it was somewhat like an inundation. But the inundation was nothing to the way in which it was produced and to the wind which hurled the waves about. It wrenched up whole houses, whirled away the roofs, and flung down persons who were trying in vain to keep their feet. I attempted to go out on the platform, but I had to draw back immediately, for my breath was gone, and I was running the risk of being blown off like a leaf. The sensation I experienced was as if a machine of several horse-power had thrown a bucket of water into my face.

We thus remained spectators of the storm till seven in the evening, when we began to feel its effects ourselves. The passenger-car, in which we were eighteen, was no more safe: the rails began to slide from beneath the wheels, and soon the car itself was overturned, hurried away by the waves, and broken up into several pieces. We had taken refuge in the baggage-car next to us; but when we saw the passenger-car, which was much heavier than our present shelter, upset and smashed, we argued *a fortiori* that we were in imminent danger. Accordingly, all the men on the train, except the father of the two little boys whom we had saved that morning, huddled together on the locomo-

tive for greater safety. I stayed in the baggage-car, hoping to be able to baptize five children with their mothers and the grandmother, and thus go to heaven in their company. Never did death seem so near at hand as on that night of the 16th of September. Its approach could be read on the faces of my adult companions, whilst the five little boys, lying on cushions here and there, had begun that sleep which, to all appearances, was to end in the next world. For about six hours we were in agony, helplessly stemming the fury of the wind and waves. Often and often was our car borne up on high and almost overset. But still it stood, and withstood the rushing flood. An invisible hand—it was, I believe, St. Joseph's, to whom I made a vow—held it up.

At a time when I had lost all hope of escape, with the liberty of a priest of God, I spoke to one of the mothers on the necessity under which she lay of preparing herself and her children for the dread Judgment-seat whose shadow was already upon us. "Neither you nor your sons," said I, "are baptized. What hope, then, can you have? I know not what will become of those little ones, but I do know they can never see God; and you, you——." "No, no," she answered with a foolhardy fearlessness of death, "neither myself nor my three children shall ever be baptized." I tried to persuade her, but in vain. So I passed on to the other mother. She had been, with her two sons, baptized by a "holy" Protestant minister. "But," I replied, "what if the baptism was not properly administered?" To this she answered: "At all events, baptism by a Catholic minister can do no harm. Baptize me, then." Alas! at this juncture, some evil genius stirred up the old grandmother, who began to rave at me and load me with insults for destroying he work of a "holy" Protestant minister. My remonstrances were quite lost on the poor stubborn old woman, so that even the well-meaning mother took back the permission just granted.

Meanwhile the danger was becoming vastly greater, and, as the emergency withdrew these children from the dominion of their parents, and gave me a right to act upon my own responsibility, I determined to baptize the children as best I could. The darkness favored my determination. Taking some water in the hollow of my hand, and groping for the little heads, I baptized four of the children, and one, in particular, in the very arms of his father.

Somewhat satisfied with this partial success, I withdrew into a corner to prepare for death, reciting the Rosary, and making acts of contrition. During this time the grace of God was at work in some hearts. Three of the passengers, who had sought shelter in the locomotive, came to me, asking me if we were really in danger of death. On my answer that we were, and that they had better make a good confession, they got down on their knees, one by one, in the presence of the other passengers, and confessed their sins. One of them I invested with the Scapular: eight or ten days ago he was crushed to death under the wheels of a railway car.

Others, who were not Catholics, made good resolves for the future. I saw one, a Freemason, who, a short time before, had politely informed me that he belonged to no religion, bless himself with unmistakable devotion. Last night he told me he intended to have himself and his little daughter baptized at Christmas. I heard him saying to his companions that henceforth he would cease to be a man without religion.

It was now midnight. Hitherto the storm and flood had been constantly on the increase. But now the wind which had been blowing from the north-east—a murderous wind for Indianola, as it sweeps the Gulf of Mexico into the town—veered to the north, and immedialely the water began to subside, falling seven feet in five hours.

With the veering of the wind our danger ceased, as the car was placed directly north and south. Not so for Indian-

ola. The north-east wind in its mad bout of twenty-four hours, together with the mass of heaving water, had already laid bare the foundations of the buildings: the north wind did the rest. It overthrew more than two hundred and fifty houses, tilted almost all the rest, and tumbled about in the chopping waves from two hundred and fifty to three hundred victims—about one-sixth of the population of Indianola. Of these three hundred victims about two hundred and thirty were recovered, but sixty of the bodies were disfigured and bruised beyond recognition. Nearly all perished after midnight, just at a time when my good angel put it into my head to absolve *sub conditione* those who were then struggling with death. They were morally present to me, and only a few steps off, though I could not see them; but I felt that many were passing to their account. I lost about twenty-five Catholics in Indianola, and many others between Saluria, Matagorda and Peninsula, places within my jurisdiction.

Daylight revealed the ruins of Indianola. I attempted to wade up to them through the water, but I could not do so till half-past one in the afternoon. What a sad outlook towards the town! A few hours since a charming seaport, known for its health-restoring breeze; and now a heap of ruins, exhaling an indescribable stench, owing to the dead bodies and the carcasses of animals to be met with at every step. The sky was still threatening. We might have another hurricane. In fact, about one o'clock, while I was waiting in the cars, a young man ran up to our train, shouting to us that we had better look out for another storm, as the wind had veered from the north to the north-west and then to the south, and would most probably be back to the north-east before nightfall, so that he thought we ought to turn our backs on the town, and seek shelter in one of the nearest stations.

This warning settled my mind: I determined to try fording once more and die, if God so willed it, in Indian-

ola, helping my flock. Leaning on the arm of one of the the three who had confessed to me the previous night, I reached the town, drenched from head to foot. I began immediately to search the ruins of the church for the Blessed Sacrament. To my surprise I found the Tabernacle intact and still unopened. Reverently lifting it up, I went to hide it in the priest's house, in a small room, of which but the least part had escaped the universal ruin. I did not force open the Tabernacle-door, because I hoped to find the key, though, to tell the truth, there was precious little reason for this hope, seeing that the press in which I had put it was broken into splinters, and its contents buried in five feet of sand. However, I appealed to St. Antony of Padua, and next day a little girl brought me a small key: it was the key of the Tabernacle. I opened the Holy Ciborium, and did not find, either in it or on the veil which covered it, the least trace of water.

I was also fortunate enough to come upon one of the church pictures, the Immaculate Heart of Mary. It was in a perfect state of preservation, glass, frame and all, without the least stain; though another picture, which matched it, was fearfully cut up. Many other pieces of altar furniture were found, a fine large monstrance, five candlesticks, five chasubles, corporals, albs, etc., the bell, and the organ almost uninjured.

Having put by all these and the like valuables in the same place, I went to see the Sisters of Mercy, whom a good Protestant, their neighbor, had taken into his house. It appears that hunger and thirty hours of anxiety had made me look like a walking corpse: for they scarcely knew me. I might have eaten in the cars, for, thanks to a kind Providence, we had eggs, butter, bread, spirits, rice, water, and fire withal for cooking; but I did not see the use of material food on the brink of eternity. I provided the Sisters with a more suitable residence in the house of a Catholic, who had offered them his home, and I went to lodge with

Mr. R. T. Evans, an excellent Catholic and President of the Indianola and Cuero Railroad. I should have remained in the little room where I had hid the Blessed Sacrament, had it not been full of the altar furniture, and, besides, damp and encumbered with rubbish. It was now six o'clock in the evening. After taking a mouthful, I went to console the Sisters of Mercy and three Catholic families gathered in the same house, under the hospitable roof of Mr. Regan, one of the most influential Catholics of the town.

Sic transit gloria mundi was my first reflection on seeing the young ladies who, the day before, had been flaunting their fashionable finery, now wearing poor old clothes, and quite penitential in their looks and words. No one ever prayed better than in that terrible night. Never, since Indianola was founded, had so many solemn promises gone up from it to God's throne. And not a few of these promises were kept. A woman had for many years past, been living with a man that was not her husband. Hitherto, my repeated exhortations to a legitimate union had proved ineffectual. After the storm, however, a mere hint from me was enough: she married immediately. Others promised and gave alms to the parish priest and the Sisters. Some came to confession; some, again, began to be practical Catholics.

The first victim I buried was a little girl named Blanche Madden, who was found drowned with her tiny arms clasping the neck of a cow. Of course there were many similar touching incidents. A poor mother, wishing to cross over in a boat with her two children to another part of the town, had to leave one of them on the bank until she could return for him. She came back just in time to see the child swept away by the rising water. One horse was the salvation of four persons, two of whom got on his back, while the two others clung to his tail; and in this fashion they reached a house some two hundred yards off. A whole family escaped on their roof, which floated away undamaged

to a great distance, though the house beneath was completely demolished.

A gentleman, seeing his wife and children in danger, made them climb up to the top of his house; but the building was giving way; he clasped his wife and then his two children in his arms, and the flood rushed upon him and them. He succeeded in catching hold of a plank, and held it as long as he could with his hands, till, his arms failing him, he clutched it with his teeth. The wife and children were drowned; he alone survived.

Many, who had been mourned for as dead, turned up after three or four days, having been carried by the cyclone eight, ten or eleven miles from the town. I myself witnessed the meeting of a sister with a brother whom neither she nor her relatives ever expected to see alive. They fell on each other's neck and wept in the middle of the street. After the disaster, all were brothers. They shared the little that remained. A kitchen stood in stead of two or three houses, one house sufficed for several families, and one room for many persons. For a month there were two or three sleeping in the same room as myself.

The day following my return to Indianola, the 18th, I made a chapel out of a hall on the ground floor of Mr. Evans's house, whither I brought the Tabernacle with the Blessed Sacrament, our only consolation in these straits. On Sunday, the 19th, I said Mass for the Sisters in Mr. Regan's house, and another *pro populo* in the new chapel. To this latter came a great crowd. In place of an explanation of the Gospel, I dwelt on the intentions for which I was about to offer the Holy Sacrifice :—

First, for the repose of the souls of those who, three days before, had been present with us at the Requiem Mass and were now no more. Several of these were Catholics in deed. One, a mother who perished with her three children, was actually making a novena to be freed from great distress, if it were for God's greater glory. Another mother,

also drowned with her three little children, had come a few days ago to seek advice from me in her hardships. But some there were who had neglected the Sacraments for many years past. Again, among those who were dead and gone, was a young lady whom I had caught, the previous day at the church door, flirting with a young man.

Secondly, in thanksgiving for so great a mercy. Here I reminded them of their feelings during the hurricane and of their good resolves. Did we not then feel keenly our own nothingness and the power of Him Who is *mirabilis in altis Dominus?* Did we not feel that we had above us and against us a Being immeasurably superior and exceedingly terrible to the poor wretches who, but a few hours ago, looked so brave as they scoffed at God and at His religion?* Woe to us if we do not keep our word with God! He may have other scourges in store.

These and other things I said, though, assuredly, no words were needed. The very thought of our Sacramental King staying by us amid the ruins of His house, there interceding for us with His mighty voice, and now coming, with unusual sweetness, into the hearts of those of us who that morning had approached His Holy Table — this thought alone was reason enough for our tears and sobs. What a contrast between this Sunday and the previous Wednesday, when we had all the splendors of Catholic worship in the beautiful church of Indianola! Instead of Vespers, which no one had the heart to sing, we told our beads in honor of the Mother of Sorrows, and closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Fr. Gardet, the parish priest of Victoria, had come down the day before to invite the Sisters and myself to Victoria, but we preferred remaining where we were, to afford what help we could to people that were beside themselves with

* Two houses which had been used for public balls and other worldly amusements, sheltered from the storm about three hundred persons, thus becoming the resorts of prayer and compunction.

grief and distress. Quite a number of them could hardly recover composure of mind; and, on the other hand, an extraordinary panic seized hold of many. In two or three days no less than two hundred left the town, some on foot or in carts, others by steamboat for Galveston, Corpus Christi and New Orleans, as some seven miles of rail had been torn up and could not be replaced before a fortnight. Those who remained, though abundantly supplied through the liberality of the generous town of Victoria, of Galveston, New Orleans, San Antonio, Boston, etc., still continued to suffer from want of fresh water, and of lodgings, from the hideous, desolate aspect of Indianola, and from the threatening weather which every now and then looked as if it were hatching new horrors. More than once did I rise during the night to recommend our endangered and helpless Indianola to our Blessed Lord who was now dwelling under the same roof with me. For I knew that the slightest storm would make havoc of a town already ploughed up in at least seven places, through which the sea ebbed and flowed as through so many convenient canals.

I cannot realize how a cyclone could in a few hours work such destruction. In several parts of the town it cut channels from seven to ten feet deep and two hundred or more feet in width. It swept away even brick houses and huge masses of iron to the distance of seven or eight miles, as happened to a railway car and to the iron turn-table or revolving platform for turning cars and locomotives.

Had I remained in Indianola, I should doubtless have perished, as my bed room was destroyed, the roof of the house having been torn off by the wind, and the church, whither I should certainly have hurried to save the Blessed Sacrament, fell into ruins. Nor could I have been of use to any one: for the driving wind and water made it impossible to see a house twenty yards off. Those only could help each other who were standing in the same spot; otherwise each one had to look out for himself. So sudden was the

rush of water, that Mr. Evans, having left his house at 9 o'clock in the morning to run to the help of the Sisters, could scarcely reach the convent, though it was not far distant. Still less could he return to his anxious family: he had to stay where he was that whole day at the peril of his life.

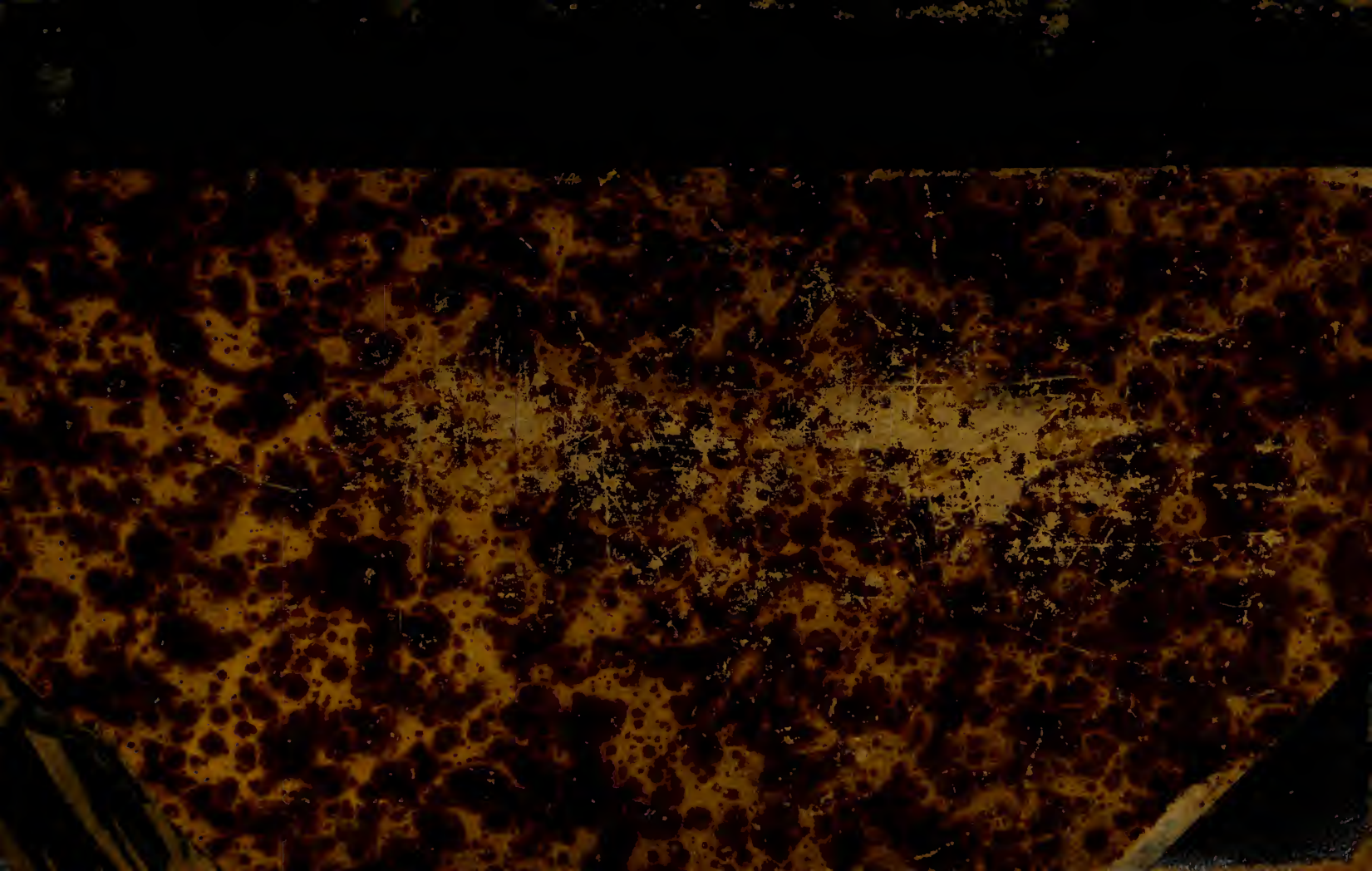
And here I cannot omit to mention something that happened in the home of this eminently conscientious and right-minded Catholic. On the evening of the hurricane, the inmates saw, with dismay, a house bearing down directly upon their own. A shock would have been fatal. Mrs. Buel, Mrs. Evans's mother, a venerable matron of old-time faith and angelic ways, at the sight of the coming danger, took a crucifix and placed it in the hands of one of her granddaughters, saying to the child: "Hold up this holy crucifix to that house which is floating towards us: Jesus will hear the prayer of your innocent lips." The little girl of seven years did as her grandmamma told her, and raising the sacred sign, she cried out: "Jesus, our Saviour, save us!" At that very moment the house stopped, standing near by as a monument of what faith could do. The people who lived opposite say that it looked as if an invisible hand had steadied it there and then. This was truly a triumph of the Sacred Heart: for the whole Evans family (except the father who, as I have already said was absent against his will) made a vow to the Heart of Jesus, while the child was lifting up the crucifix. Thus, in no ordinary way, did Jesus and Mary, and Joseph the patron of our church of Indianola, save and protect me and most of my parishioners. I thought I saw a pious type of this preservation of the principal part of my flock, when we found uninjured the head of a plaster statue of St. Joseph.

Indianola had Mass every day for a month after the storm, till Holy Obedience called me to Cuero, where I am founding a parish. Indianola's promises were very fair.

Our Lord had blessed in a special manner my poor efforts. Several infidels, heretics, and Catholics that had been living for years without human or divine law, were moved by the grace of God. I have turned a part of the priest's house into a chapel capable of holding about a hundred persons. Next week Fr. Mac Kiniry, S. J., will give us there a little mission. The past week he concluded one here at Cuero, and now he is "missionizing" the Irish of St. Patrick's. Cuero already contains twenty-nine Catholic families, and many more Protestant. The latter listened with the greatest attention and tractableness to two eloquent and outspoken sermons from our Bishop, Mgr. Pellicer, who, last Sunday, dedicated our church in honor of St. Michael.

Your Reverence will, I trust, entreat our Lord to give me the physical and moral strength I need for my seven missions. I am tilling a field which, two years ago, was cultivated by four priests much stronger than myself. One of these missions is German, another Polish, the others contain Irishmen, Americans, Englishmen, Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Mexicans, etc.

I am, in union with your Reverence's Holy Sacrifices and prayers,

Your humble servant in Christ,
V. L. Manci, S. J.

L. D. S.